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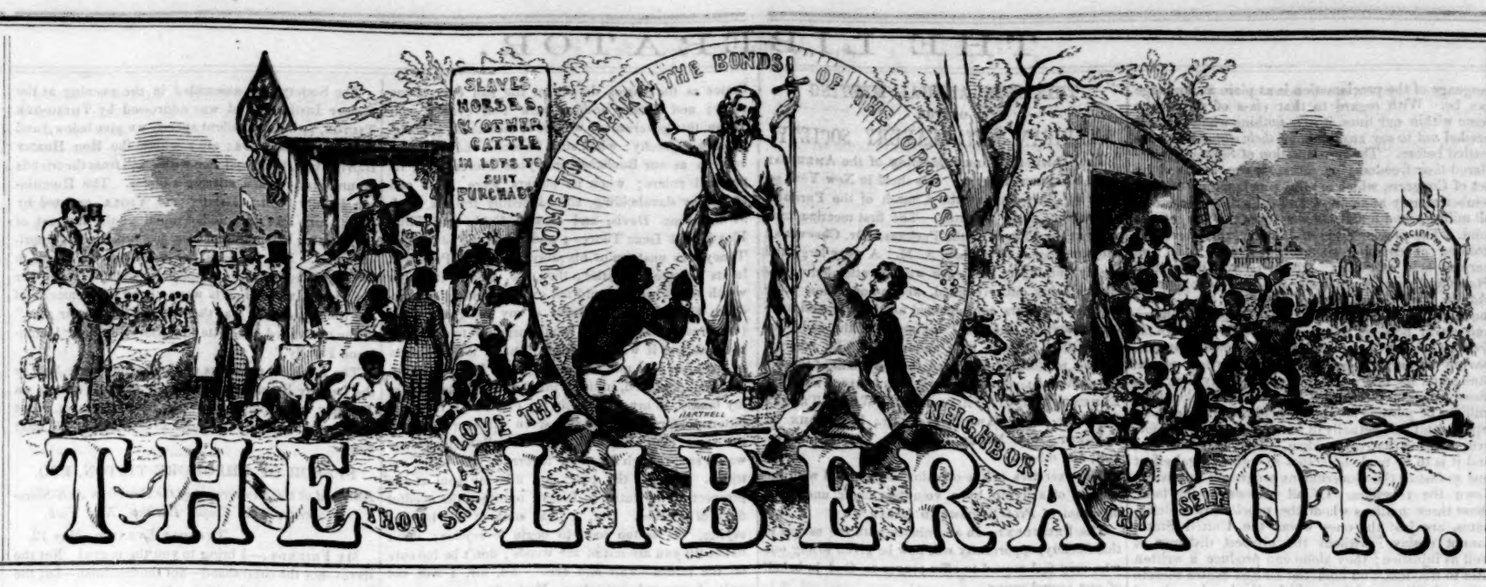
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSOR
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER

From the wife of a Presbyterian Minister residing South, to her friend at the North, written soon after the Harper's Ferry raid.

[Communicated for the Journal of Commerce.]

MRS. M.—MY DEAR FRIEND:—Another sabbath with all its quiet has passed away, yet leaving behind its sweet savor of divine things. 'Tis late at night, yet I must thank you for your sympathizing letter. Thanks for your words of peace and love; saying to us, "yet to trust, yet to believe, that many and true are the friends of law and right, all through the North."

We do not know this; but just now we fear, and the more as we do not know how much to fear. We know not how wide-spread has been the premeditated destruction.

What billows of agitation have, these last few weeks, been rolling over our country, threatening to destroy! You at the North cannot view this Harper's Ferry affair as we at the South must; your lives have not been in danger by cut-throats and assassins, as ours have. You have not a foe on any side of you, ready to come down upon you, seeking the moment when they may arm against you your own households, to spill out your heart's blood.

In the security of your homes, in the quiet of a sabbath night, think, my friend, what would it be to be invaded by a foe, and such a foe, whose worst passions have been roused by being made to believe that, by destroying not only our institutions but our lives also, they were doing God service; who are taught that the end, however direful and bloody it may be, fully justifies the means. We feel, my friend, 'tis God alone who has held back the uplifted hand, allowing the death of but few of our brethren, when thousands might have fallen. Do you not remember how, when we were children, we read together of the wily Indian; how with stealthy step they followed in the footsteps of our fathers, seeking any and every moment how they might plunder and destroy? How has our blood curdled, as those thrilling tales of horror have been poured into our ears!

But, oh! my friend, those deeds of savage bloodshed can't compare at all with the bloody scenes which it seems had been prepared for us!

God held them back, those murderers, our brethren too, children of the same race; or what had been our doom? The cruel savage can butcher, burn, torment, but not one of the finished, polished, destructive weapons that civilization gave John Brown did they possess.

When man, in his pride of intellect, rises superior to the God who made him, sees within himself a law, purer, higher, than *God's Holy Word* gives us, then may we fear and tremble. Such men and precepts scatter fire-brands, arrows and death wherever they go.

'Tis not the John Browns, the actual perpetrators of these murderous acts, poor, misguided, infatuated wretches, that call out our deepest feeling of horror. He, and those *like* him, are but the instruments of others. 'Tis the teacher, the true instigator of crime and bloodshed, that most causes our hearts to cease their beatings, and us to stand all aghast in view of what cruelty, *hate* will make man guilty of. 'Tis these madmen, who, keeping themselves aloof, safe from danger, can infuse into bolder hearts their hellish hate to their brother, and send him forth to murder and destroy, that now we look at, so amazed. And some of these, as you well know, do wrap around them the livery of heaven, to do their murderous work in. What blasphemy!

Pity mingles with our other feelings as we view John Brown, the old man, old in his deeds of murder, fit tool for wild fanatics to use. And so they sent him forth, on his willing errand of murder and rapine.

He is in God's hands, and all these instigators to crime are. Do you not wonder that Jehovah's thunderbolts are stayed, when such deeds of darkness blacken our land? Truly, we must feel that ours is a long-suffering, a most merciful God! Oh! my friend, if, instead of fitting out poor Brown with all those *Sharp's rifles, pikes*, axes, &c., to butcher us, their brethren, with—these same *philanthropists* had used all that amount of money in sending the Bible, and some pious, whole-souled persons to preach the Bible, telling the simple story of the Cross, with all its beautiful precepts of *peace, love*, and *charity*, to all this vast multitude of slaves, to show them how the law of God is the highest, best law—the law to be obeyed—how much more like Christ would their acts have been, than they now are! Christ and his disciples went about doing good. Do these instigators to acts of rapine, theft and murder follow his example when they arm and send out Brown and his followers to carry out their *hellish plans?* Madmen! This one idea has made not only this poor fanatic mad, but thousands of others who murder as yet only in the *wish*. 'Tis the purpose of the soul, the intent of the heart, the Lord looks at, as well as the actual deed. And that woman, whose labors should ever be on the side of virtue, truth and holiness—that woman can so far forget her true, best rights, wherein her power and strength lie, as to come out and countenance such deeds of darkness—'tis amazing! That woman, who, most of all the human family, is benefitted by the pure religion our Saviour taught,—that she will lend her vast influence to overthrow, destroy, and trample under foot all our souls should hold dearest,—all that elevates us, and gives us our high position in this Christian land, so above our poor sisters in those lands where the gospel of Christ is not known,—is strange indeed!

What demon, worse than the seven devils of Mary Magdalene, can have entered the souls of those women, so lost to truth, to virtue, and to God? I love my native North; I love it well; but my soul blushes, yea, weeps at her wild acts of wickedness and crime.

What wild fanaticism at times rages there, threatening to destroy all that is good and true in society!

Is it because these men and women love and sympathize so keenly with the slave, that they thus act? Ah, my friend, they may think so, some of them; but, surely, love is a small element in all their strife of tongue and war of words. *Love, Christian* love, would lead to better acts.

If half those idle, mad words were calmly sent to Heaven in supplication for blessing on the slave and his owner; if their sympathy did not expend itself in words, but if noble Christian acts followed their prayers, then might "the wilderness blossom like the rose," and their own hearts, instead of being the abode of hatred and violence, would come to glow with Christian love and joy.

You know, my dear friend, I speak from experience when I tell you of the slave here, in his far Southern home.

'Tis long years that my home has been cast among them, in this sunny clime. And as I have loved my own New England home, so do I love this, the home of my adoption. I love not only my home here, but the dear people around us. Some noble specimens of the Christian we meet with here, both among the high and lowly of the land. Here are noble, self-sacrificing Christian slaveholders, actuated by Christianity in all they do. I wish all were Christians, but, alas! here as elsewhere, mammon too often binds the soul down to earth.

The slaves around us gladly hear the word, and seem to be pressing into the kingdom. Of course, not all; "many care for none of these things." But on all the plantations around us, there are many pious, devoted, praying Christians. Could you hear their prayers and songs of praise, as I do often when I accompany my husband to the different plantations where he regularly preaches, it would do your heart good. My husband has access to some nine or ten plantations, where, Sabbath after Sabbath, he expounds the pure gospel of Christ to this interesting race. I assure you they hear him gladly. They grasp the great truths of our religion with an avidity and clearness that would surprise you.

These simple, trusting creatures know no better way than just to take God at his word, and believe what he says. And then their prayers are as orthodox as our old New England Fathers were. They pray for the advance of Christ's kingdom, for themselves, their masters, many of them God-forgetting men. Often, too, these masters I have seen standing right in their midst, by the side of the minister, while these fervent petitions were going up to God in their behalf. Must not such prayers do good? Surely, if nothing more, it must bind together the master and slave in bonds of love. But such fervent, simple, heartfelt prayers, God will hear. But when they pray for their pastor, then truly they become eloquent. I weep, and they are tears of thankfulness, that there are those who so fervently pray for him. They are so grateful that he will come and break to them the bread of life. I believe God hears their prayers, and gives my husband strength to labor on.

Requiring a few days of rest, my husband left his field for a short trip, and is now absent from us. Only last night, a little praying circle of these servants were together near me. Long and fervent were their prayers that their pastor might return in health and in safety. I tell you, my friend, these prayers fill my soul with gladness. Oh! could the North witness such scenes, instead of sending into our midst *war, carnage, murder*, would they not rather lend the helping hand, and diffuse among this race of slaves that religion which alone can elevate them, and fit them for that freedom which the Lord in his own good time shall give them? Would it not be more Christ-like thus to do? We can't roll forward the scroll of time, and see what God intends for this race or for us. Then let us wait, and work with God; not against him.

Truly your friend, T. S. H.
Rodney, Mississippi.

Selections.

NEGRO EQUALITY.

This is the great bugbear among many who warmly espouse the cause of the Government, and approve all its measures, with this single saving. They wish the rebels to be despoiled of their property. They wish every means to be used to secure our success in the field, emancipation included. They love the Union and hate the rebellion, and everything connected with it. But they seem to be constantly under the influence of a sort of horrid nightmare, with a huge negro the most prominent figure among all the strange shapes and monstrous forms that compose it. They "don't want the negroes brought up to their level," they say; or, in the common language of the day, they "don't want the niggers made our equals." Leaving wholly out of the question those ignorant and prejudiced people who swallow the ridiculous stories, and believe the monstrous accusations of the pro-slavery press, both North and South, it cannot be denied that there is a very large class of honest and intelligent men whose judgment is materially disturbed by the constant repetition of the phrase "negro equality," and who, on account of this disturbance, can never form correct opinions on the affairs of the nation.

But looking at the matter without prejudice, it is clearly the most absurd doctrine in the world, that a mere edict should effect a change in the relative positions of negroes and white, as regards their substantial equality. Because a slave is made free, it does not make him equal to other freemen. He has the same brains, the same capacities that he before possessed, but no more. He can accomplish no greater amount of work. He is simply placed in a position which should never have been denied him, when he can show what manner of man he is. A negro slave, who has been elevated above his fellows, and, by reason of his superior capacity, put in places of trust and responsibility, will still be as far above his companions after he is free as he was before. A negro mechanic, who was, while a slave, superior or inferior to white mechanics, will still hold the same relation as between man and man. If he is a better workman, a more honest, industrious, and sober man than his white neighbor, he will outstrip him as he ought to. He will stand upon his own merits. But if he is lazy, incompetent and profligate, he will be driven to the wall, and no amount of proclaiming or legislation in the world will make him the equal of his white competitor. Copperheads are very fond of laughing at the proclamation as a mere *brutum fulmen*, and of deriding its advocates for attributing a power little short of miraculous to a measure only intended to affect those who are out of its reach. They do not reflect how they stultify themselves when they attribute to the proclamation a still more wondrous power, and insist that it immediately elevates an inferior race to an equality with a superior one.

This whine about negro equality, too, is worse than illogical; it is cowardly. The men who are so afraid of being degraded by the fact that free competition in labor, in morality, and in progress, which belongs of right to every man, is accorded to a race that has hitherto been unjustly held in subjection, are not sure of their position. They are like the Louisiana sugar growers, who confess themselves unable to live without such aid from the Government as will counterbalance their interiority by depriving all natural competitors of the advantages God has bestowed upon them. We are reminded of the *nouveaux riches*, the aristocrats of doubtful antecedents, who are afraid to hold even the most distant connection with their plebeian neighbors, for fear of losing caste. Their claims to equality are so frail that they must be fenced about, and protected by every possible guard; while the true nobleman fears not that his reputation will be compromised by an association he may choose to form. So it is with many of those men who fear negro competition. Conscious of their own inferiority to the mass of mankind, and recognizing the fact that they exist and thrive only by the aid of adventitious advantages, they look with jealousy on any new rivals and competitors, and use every means, fair and unfair, to keep them out of the market.

The same sort of opposition has been made to the introduction of female labor into any of the various branches of manufacture. Consequently, women have always been discriminated against. They have been restricted to a small range of employments; their wages have been kept down; and many who would be perfectly competent to perform the duties of clerks or accountants, or to earn good wages in some branch of manufacture, have been driven by their necessities either to suicide or prostitution. Several years ago, the proprietors of a large crockery manufactory in England, being short of hands, bethought themselves of employing women to paint some of the figures on some of the rich and more delicate articles. Before long, they had become more skillful than men. They did better work, and accomplished it faster. As soon as it became evident, all the men about the establishment struck, and refused to work on any terms until the women were driven from the workshops, and denied employment. The pressure forced the proprietors to yield, and women who had been earning handsome wages, and were looking forward to the enjoyment of a competence in their old age, were turned forth penniless on the world. The same cowardly meanness was, at one time, evinced by the dry goods clerks in New York, when it was suggested to employ girls in their places.

The fear that the people of the North, with all their superiority of race, their advantages of education, and their experience, are in danger of being overrun by the three millions of negro slaves who are made free by the proclamation, is absurd and unmanly. The negroes will do well if, when they come to enter into free competition with the whites, they can preserve their existence. It would not be surprising if, in the next century, they should disappear from the face of the earth, either wholly or partly, as the Indians have. To be sure, they are superior to the Indians, and have had no inconsiderable education in the arts of peace, but they labor under disadvantages, when brought into competition with the whites, which might well daunt the stoutest heart, even beating under a white skin. Instead of whimpering about "negro equality," and throwing up obstacles to the progress of the freedmen, we should lend them a helping hand, and try to discover, if possible, just what capacity for civilization there is in them, that their labor and their talents may be preserved to the country, and that we may make some slight reparation for the awful sin and injustice to them which lies at our door. If they can sustain themselves, they will live. If not, they must be destroyed. The unalterable law of humanity and decree of God, that the weaker animal must perish in the presence of the stronger, is not going to be suspended for the benefit of the freed negroes of America.—*Washington Chronicle.*

SPEECH OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

The Duke of Argyle, a member of the present Palmerston Ministry, in his speech at the Edinburgh banquet, on the 1st of April, used the following language:—

"Well, gentlemen, these are two of the great wars to which I have referred. There is yet a third, that which on the other side of the Atlantic is raging now, on which I am anxious to add a single word. I can, indeed, say nothing on the political aspects of that question which has not been better said, and said with more authority, by my honorable friend at the head of the Government, and by Lord Russell, in a speech he made last week, in the House of Lords. But it does so happen, gentlemen, that from circumstances to which I need not refer, I have had much personal intercourse during the last fifteen years with a large number of the most distinguished citizens of America who have visited this country.

Amongst others, I am proud to mention, as a dear and personal friend, that eminent man, Mr. Charles Sumner—a man who has devoted the affection of a noble heart, the powers of a noble intellect, for many years, to the prosecution of a noble cause. Well, he and others, allow me to say—for I know they will feel it comes from friendly quarters—seem to have been entertaining expectations in regard to the course of conduct of the British Government which it is altogether impossible to realize. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, as my noble friend at the head of the Government told the meeting he addressed last night, in Glasgow, we may all have our individual opinions as to the merits of that contest. I, for one, have never concealed my own. As a Government, and as a people, we must be what we have always been—absolutely neutral. (Cheers.) We must take no part whatever in that contest; only, let me remind you, the peace and good will we are all desirous should be maintained between these two great countries does not depend only, nay, does not depend principally, upon the conduct of the Government. I would refer to my noble friend—the noble Viscount—as a great example in respect to the language which might be safely held respecting that conflict. My noble friend has frequently referred to it in terms of commiseration and pity.

He has spoken of the miseries of civil war, as well he may; but no word has ever fallen from his lips which implies that any one was entitled to cast censure on the American Government, or the contest in which they are concerned. Gentlemen, who are we that we should speak of civil war as in no circumstances possible or permissable? Do we not remember that our own liberties have been secured through every form and variety of civil war? (Hear, hear.) How much blood has been shed in the streets of this ancient capital of Edinburgh! How many gory heads have been nailed up in its streets! How many victims of civil war crowd our churchyards in every portion of the country! How many lie upon our mountains with nothing to mark but the heather or the cairn! What do we say of these men? Do we consider their course to have been an evil one? Do we not rather turn back these pages of history, as with the loving chisel of Old Mortality, to refresh in our memory the recollection of their immortal names? Yes, gentlemen, if it be true, and it is true, that the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the Church, it is equally true that the blood of the patriots has been the foundation of the liberties of our country. Let us extend to our American brethren the liberal interpretation which we seek to be given to our own former annals. I, for one, have not learned to be ashamed of that ancient combination of the Bible and the Sword. (Cheers.) Let it be enough for us to pray and hope that that contest, whenever it may be brought to an end, shall bring with it that great blessing to the white race, which shall consist in the final freedom of the black."

☞ When a part of Stoneman's forces reached the Rappahannock, they had to swim the river.

BLACK-MAIL HAMBLETON.

"OUR SOUTHERN FRIEND."

It seems but a few months—and it is only a few years—since Doctor Black-Mail Hambleton, agent of the *Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy*, was in this city, button-holing our merchants, and whispering soft words in their ears, to induce them to part with fifty to one hundred dollars, each, in order to secure the publication of their names in said Black-Mail Hambleton's *Atlanta Confederacy's* "White List" of Northern doughfaces. Said Hambleton—Black-Mail Hambleton—took elegant apartments in one of the first hotels in this city, and said Northern doughfaced merchants called on His Majesty—Black-Mail Hambleton—by scores, and poured their treasures into his pockets and down his throat—about equal parts in each direction. Doctor, Colonel, Black-Mail Hambleton then forwarded the names of all the doughfaces—who had paid him fifty or a hundred dollars—to the *Atlanta Confederacy*—a seven-by-nine, flashy, one-horse, broken-down, "commercial newspaper" of the "baser sort." It is doubtful whether said sheet ever had a circulation—except among the New York doughfaces—of five hundred copies. In this market, however, they were exhibited gratis in almost every counting-room as "*the* great Southern commercial newspaper." Any man who would pay Black-Mail Hambleton one hundred dollars, or fifty dollars, was a "friend to the South," and was advertised as such. Finally, however, five dollars or a glass of whisky, a theatre ticket or a cigar, would be received in full satisfaction for the "special favor" desired. The aforesaid Doctor, Colonel, Editor, Black-Mail Hambleton was at the time the extraordinary attraction of New York. He made a great deal *more* noise than Jenny Lind, and not much less than Barnum's California Grizzly Bear. He rode out, dined, tea'd, slept all night—and sometimes all the next day—with some of our most distinguished city doughfaces. They embraced every line of trade—from the Dry Goods merchant to the Tallow Chandler. Said Doctor, Colonel, Black-Mail Nincompoop Editor Hambleton had two remarkable qualifications to help him along with Northern doughfaces. He had a temper and a distemper. The former—the real, genuine, Southern *plain English* sort—he used to frighten in all doubtful men—of tender consciences. "What!" said he, "do *you* refuse (we omit the oaths) to join your neighbors in this noble work?" "Do *you want me*, (oaths omitted) to publish your names in the 'Black List' among the Abolitionists?" "If you desire Southern trade, you must support *me*." "That's the question, sir, you are *now* to decide." "I shall publish your names in the 'White List'—among our friends—or in the 'Black List'—among our abolition enemies—*just as you say.*"

The dis-temper qualification referred to was a throat-ale difficulty—a difficulty which troubled him after dinner, and generally until midnight. His great, never-failing remedy for this dis-temper was brandy, gin, whisky, wine, lager beer, and cigars, taken in irregular order, as long and as near together as possible. Now Doctor, Colonel, Black-Mail Nincompoop Editor Hambleton seldom used any of his own money in trying to cure his dis-temper. In this he was wise. Taking *money* cured his temper, while "taking suf'n" satisfied his dis-temper. All the cash paid him—to the extent of some ten or twenty thousand dollars—went South. After said money had been collected from all the aforesaid doughfaces, said Nincompoop Hambleton departed home—departed in peace—to the bosom of his "*Confederacy.*" Since then, until the past week, he has not suffered the fragrance of his name to perfume the desert air of New York. Georgia only has been favored. But "our Southern friend" has at last turned up again, so say all the newspapers. The *Evening Post* has a delicate morsel in reference to the distinguished stranger. It is as follows:—

"A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

"Probably few of our citizens are aware that the Government is entertaining, just now, in our midst, a distinguished guest—no less a person than Doctor or Colonel Hambleton of Georgia.

The name of this military doctor will bring to many minds a host of pleasant and unpleasant memories. Doctor Hambleton's last visit to New York was made while his friends Toombs, Wigfall, and Floyd were hastening their preparations for rebellion; and Doctor Hambleton, righteously bent upon spoiling the Egyptians, and seeing no more harm in robbing the enemy before a declaration of war than after, conceived the brilliant idea of printing for pay, in his paper, the *Atlanta Confederacy*, a 'white list'—to contain the names of those merchants of this city with whom a slaveholding Southern gentleman might trade without injury to his principles, and to whom he might owe money without injury to his Southern honor.

Who does not remember the popularity of Doctor Hambleton when he developed this ingenious idea in this city? The noble art of black-mailing was never carried further; men rushed up to the Doctor, and insisted on being black-mailed; they thrust their contributions into his hands; they dined and wined him till, being a man of a poor stomach, the wine and the nauseous conduct of his friends together made him sick.

But he feathered his nest—there is little doubt about that. On Monday last, Doctor Hambleton returned to New York. On Wednesday evening he was seen and recognized by a detective, was arrested, and is at this moment, we believe, in the Park Barracks. He had in his trunk $15,000 in South Carolina and Georgia bank bills, and $15,000 in Confederate notes. He seems to be a spy this time—not a great change from his last employment as levier of black-mail. Did he in the hours between Monday and Wednesday meet any of his old friends and contributors? Was he well received? Did the 'white list' give him a dinner at the New York Hotel? Did they, perhaps, present him with a tuft of grass which has been growing on Broadway ever since the Southern trade stopped?"—*New York Independent.*

LETTER FROM HON. D. S. DICKINSON.

The following letter was written by the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, in reply to an invitation from the Union League, of Baltimore, to address that body.

ALBANY, April 14th, 1863.

Messrs. John Dukehart, Thomas R. Rich, and Daniel C. Bruce, Committee, &c.

GENTLEMEN:—I have just returned to this city from a few days' absence, and find your invitation of the 7th inst., requesting me to address the Loyal Union League of Baltimore, on the 20th.

The exceedingly complimentary, kind and cordial terms of your note demand, and shall certainly receive, my most thankful acknowledgments.

Such general and partial approbation of my humble services to the cause of the Union, Constitution and Government repay all my labors tenfold, and turn aside and strike down the poisoned arrows which are sped by the votaries of treason.

I regret most sincerely that I shall not be able to comply with your request. There is no place where I should rather speak than in the Monumental City, for I feel that I should there be inspired by a double portion of the spirit of liberty. The Legislature of this State, with which at present I am officially connected, will close its labors at or about the time of your meeting, but probably not before, and I cannot be absent.

I am rejoiced that you have inaugurated a movement so sublime and commanding. Its influence will be felt throughout our extended country.

It will cheer the spirit of loyalty everywhere, and will cause the gorged and bloody genius of this murderous rebellion to reel and quake.

I am proud to acknowledge as brethren all who are for the unconditional crushing of this rebellion and the maintenance of the Union, and as enemies all who, by thought, word, or deed, would embarrass our Government and encourage treason.

The question at issue is between free government and the tyrannies and aristocrats of earth; and the wretched leaders who darkly conspire for the destruction of our Union, and the subversion of our Constitution, and who forced rebellion upon their people, are the mere pimps and tools and butchers of monarchy in disguise.

It will be a mighty struggle, but the Constitution will prevail; hecatombs of victims may be offered, but not in vain, for conspiracy, treason, murder, and all the lesser villanies, will finally come to judgment. Cotton, which was to have been crowned King by European accomplices in honor of the Iscariots who betrayed their country to crucifixion, will be degraded to the position of a mere subject, and slavery, the mere pretence for the war, will make its exodus from political Egypt through a Red Sea of blood. It will give gibbets and jails, and halters and pillories, and exiles to its leaders here, and freedom and equality, and life and vigor to the mass of the Southern people. Our country, when it has finished this work, will leap forward a century at a single bound. The votaries of kingcraft abroad will, for their reward, find themselves a century nearer their disgraceful doom than they would have been but for these great trials of the popular elements. Their instruments here, whether on the battle-field or the meaner field of political warfare, will be forgotten, except for the wrongs they have perpetrated; and the people of this Union, stretching on toward a hundred millions of souls, will be prosperous, peaceful and happy.

Sincerely yours, D. S. DICKINSON.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING IN BEAUFORT.

Perhaps—nay, undoubtedly—one of the most interesting, instructive, hopeful, and inspiring exhibitions that have been vouchsafed to the enthusiast, came off last Sabbath at the Baptist Church, in this town. The programme so quietly, so summarily arranged, the execution so exhilarating, the denouement so replete with the demonstrative bases on which have rested the theories and the hopes of the toiling few and the suffering million, seemed to open up a vista to that promised land, with its social organisms, which our fathers so clearly foresaw, but which had been obscured by the degeneracy of their sons.

One short year ago, there were crouching around this quaint old town a large number of ragged, half-naked, half-starved, juvenile bipeds, skulking from the direct gaze of civilization, shrinking from proffered kindness, watched by older and maternal children, who knew nothing, and were glad they did not; having some vague sense of escape from a horror of which they knew, to a terror of which they knew nothing. This and these were the direct results of military conquest. Freedom achieved, but disarranged; liberty a fact, but a wild one; chaos without the whip, God without Providence. This state of affairs must be of short duration. It was.

A year has passed. The world would roll on. So would spirit. Port Royal harbor had some twenty feet of water over the bar. The sea islands produced fine cotton. It should go to market—to England. England likes the long staple—slaves raise it; why should she not? She tried to pity the former slave—she bewailed the lost cotton most sincerely. But there were a few noble men and women, forgetting self, braving danger, defying ridicule and sarcasm, to whom was vouchsafed an appreciation of the moral and social desolation laid bare by our arms, and who rushed to the rescue at whatever cost.

Well, let us end a prosy poem. Last Sabbath was a day. The sun shone. The sky was cloudless. The birds *would* sing in Beaufort. They did—but not the birds only. Joy is free—freedom is joy. God so wills it. He has broken the fetters, and the captive, having overleaped his barriers, put his foot upon the solid, open ground of manhood, rejoices in his novel *status*, and swears allegiance to his Divine commission, "A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS."

Last Sunday, upon very brief notice, were gathered together in the Baptist Church, in this town, some three or four hundred colored children, from the different schools. "One year ago," said a high military officer to the writer, "they were all in rags, that is to say, those that had rags." Now they were all neatly dressed, walked in regular procession, sat with perfect decorum. The seats on both sides of the aisle were crowded full. The side aisles and slips were filled by standing soldiers of the colored South Carolina regiments. The galleries were jammed full. Gen. Hunter, Gen. Saxton and lady, with members of his staff, occupied the space in front of the pulpit. Every nook and corner of the spacious edifice was full. White officers and soldiers crowded gently to such places as afforded them a chance of observation. Father French! he was all over—at least, his spirit was over all. But what was all this? Why came here Major General Hunter, commanding the Department of the South? Brigadier General Saxton, military Governor? Others, whose heads were grey, if not weary with current and concurrent thoughts, sent out, yearning, years ago, and years ago—came back, not to plague the inventor, but perhaps to depress him? Wherefore this congregation? so dissimilar? so defiant of rank? so ignorant of *position?*

Why, my good friends, it was almost an unwitting testimonial to the truth, to the practical exemplification of the wonderful fact, which mortal endowment cannot overreach or submerge in the mysticisms of sophistry, the simple truth spoken by Jesus: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." That was the fact—a little one, but big enough for the congregated wisdom of that day.

There are in this Department of the South fifty females, (all highly cultivated ladies at home, where people can read and write, but females here,) and fifteen males, who have devoted themselves to the work of teaching the colored children, of various growth, numbering about two thousand five hundred. On two or three days' notice, some three hundred or more scholars, from the different schools, gathered together as before mentioned, last Sunday, in the Baptist Church, under the immediate guidance of their respective teachers. I have seen many Sunday school exhibitions at the North, always with a full heart, but never did witness a more perfect order, a better display of acquisition, a more strict discipline, than was demonstrated by the dusky juveniles there congregated.

The order of exercises opened with the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," sung by the whole congregation, led by the choir of colored singers in the gallery. Then came a prayer by a colored man. And such a prayer! such faith, such hope, such grateful outgushings of the soul, such earnest appeals to the great and good God for the deliverance of those yet in bondage! What unction! Then came, "There is a happy land," sung by all the children, in perfect time and tune, followed by exercises in the "shorter catechism," the children all answering together. The answers were almost uniformly correct. Then came the song, "The Sunday School Army," three hundred little voices, quivering, steadying, rising, swelling pouring forth volumes of sweet, rich melody, making the heart, if not the church roof, quake.

By this time, it may well be imagined that the heart that can feel, and the soul that can sympathize, had about as much as was prudent to administer through the necessary encasing dignity. But so did not think Father French. After two excellent addresses by members of the South Carolina regiments, (colored,) came that most touching song, which no one but an English cotton worshipper, or the owner of twenty slaves, could withstand:—

"I have a father in the slavery land—
My father calls, and I must go
To bring him from the slavery land.
I'll away, I'll away
To the slavery land;
My father calls, and I must go
To bring him from the slavery land."

"I have a mother," &c., &c.

It would be almost profanity to attempt a description of the effect of this song; humanity has its *sanctum sanctorum*. Oh, God! thou must have tuned those young throats to warble that holy recognition of thy first law! Thou unsealedst the fountains of the human soul when, as those young voices rolled their plaintive melody upon the free air, and their sad looks seemed for the moment to invoke the forbearance of the bright sunshine, its beams were diverted or lost in the sheen of the tears which the brave, the wise, the old, the young, could no longer repress! Little ones! your father, your mother, your sister, will be brought from the "slavery land." God has willed it. Wait and work. We will work with you.

Then, there was the "Song of Freedom," by Mrs. Rosa Kervey, leading. She has suffered terribly from slavery, and what makes it worse, (if hell can be outdone, if the quintescence of damnation can be made more damnable,) all, as the slave of her own father. (Does he ever suffer with lombago?) "We must fight for our liberty." "We're not afraid to die." The whole congregation, *nolens volens*, joined in the chorus, and were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

But I have spun out this matter too long; and yet have not half done it justice. But it must close here for the present. After the exercises were through, General Saxton (God bless him!) made a few very practical remarks, and the large assembly dissolved, and retired in as perfect order as General Hunter could disembark a crack regiment on Folley Island. One thing I forgot to mention: on the way home, not one of the large audience was heard to say, "What will you do with the niggers?"—No, not one.—*Beaufort Freeman of the South.*

AN AWFUL ABOLITIONIST.

I lately dined with one of those insane young gentlemen who, as Theodore Winthrop says in "Cecil Dreeme," praise slavery, and think they are aristocratic. The young gentleman went on for some time, when Mrs. ——— said to him politely:—

"If you sympathize with the rebels, why don't you go and join them?"

"I, Madam? I assure you I am perfectly loyal."

"Indeed?"

"Why, certainly, only I stand by the Government, and not by the Administration."

"So Vallandigham says."

"I mean, I am no Abolitionist."

"So Brooks says."

"That is, I am afraid we are alienating the South."

"So Tom Seymour says."

"In other words, I am a Union man, but I don't think we can restore it."

"So Toucey says."

"But, my dear madam, the war is unconstitutionally carried on."

"So George Ticknor Curtis says."

"I mean, that our liberties are in danger."

"So Fernando Wood says."

"Well, but isn't the war fratricidal?"

"So Ben Wood says."

"Come, then, isn't it hopeless?"

"So the London *Times* says."

"Yes, my dear madam, but what do you say?"

"I say that whoever stands against the Administration in this war, stands against the Government. I say that whoever says he is no Abolitionist, means that he intends to embarrass the war. I say that whoever is afraid of alienating the South, is afraid of irritating a snake that has already stung him. I say that whoever thinks that force cannot restore the Union, does not know that Union is the most irresistible instinct of the American people. I say that whoever says the war is unconstitutionally carried on, is in danger of being split by the tempest in which he is trying to split hairs. I say whoever says our liberties are imperiled by the Government, and not by the rebellion, works and prays for the success of the rebellion, and the annihilation of all civil liberty and order. I say whoever calls the war fratricidal, has no more conception of national honor than lottery-dealers are said to have of honesty. I say that whoever considers the cause of the United States hopeless, hates that cause in his heart, and is utterly ignorant of the character of the people, and of the fact of the situation. That is what every truly American man and woman says and believes."

The young gentleman made no reply. But the next day, at the Club, he said to a friend: "I dined yesterday at Mrs. ———'s. What an awful Abolitionist she is!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

☞ Few things have seemed to us in every way more incongruous at the present time, than the proposal to enter seriously upon the work of colonizing the colored population of our country. Nay, it is these very Africans who might long ago have been turned to the greatest account in carrying on the war, who would have proved an element of peculiar and terrible efficiency in military operations, and who are more directly and deeply interested in the war than any other separate class in the community. To talk of sending them out of the country while the war is raging, instead of taking the most vigorous and decisive measures to enlist them in it, would be to ignore one of the chief elements in the meaning of the struggle. The whole course of events has cried out: "Don't colonize, but arm!"—*American Presbyterian.*

TWO YEARS FROM FORT SUMTER.

Extract from an eloquent Discourse preached in the Unitarian Church at New Bedford, Sunday, April 12th, 1863, by Rev. W. J. POTTER:—

The last two years have shown that the heroic virtues are not dead in our country. Scenes of the revolution, of which we have read with proud admiration, have been reënacted before our very eyes by our own neighbors, and brothers, and sisters; nay, the national danger has brought forth deeds and sayings, from man and woman, worthy of the palmiest days of heroic Rome. Opportunities for devotion to principle, for charity, for sacrifice of self—in short, for the highest Christian living—such as are seldom given to man, have been nobly seized; and more than all, the work, for which Divine Providence has put into our hands the sublime occasion, of performing a grand deed of national justice, and freeing the land from the guilt of human bondage, has been auspiciously commenced.

Call not, then, these years the dark years of the Republic. Eight years ago, when we allowed the slave States to break a solemn compact, in order to extend the curse of slavery into territory from which it had been forever barred; or in 1850, when we consented by Congressional statute to stifle the natural instincts of humanity, and become slave-hunters for Southern plantations; or in 1845, when we agreed to a war of robbery against Mexico, that slavery might have more room; or in 1820, when, by compromise, freedom was conquered, and a new slave State was admitted to the Union; or at the very foundation of the government, when the seeds of compromise with that iniquity, whence all our national miseries have grown, were planted in the Constitution itself—then were days full of darkness and evil foreboding for the republic. But the day when slavery itself destroyed all these compromises, and with suicidal hand annihilated all claim to constitutional protection, and the nation was henceforth left free—nay, was forced—to strike slavery down in order to save itself—the day when the North rose as one man to wrest the government from the grasp of rebellion, and, in so doing, to break in sunder the chains with which the slave power had kept, not only the black man, but the whole country and all its interests in bondage—that is a time to be remembered with thanksgiving, to be remembered forever, as the dawning of the era of our national deliverance.

If this first high tide of patriotic ardor has since somewhat declined; if party rancor and wrangling have shown themselves again, and a malignant, unscrupulous opposition to the government been organized; if selfish and incompetent men have been floated into places of power, and a narrow, timid policy, bent to the weakness of the hour, has sometimes taken the place of that lofty principle that runs straight forward to eternity; if there have been unnecessary delays, and blunders in command, and mistakes in the Cabinet, and disasters that might have been avoided—all these things, though to be justly lamented and striven against and remedied, are yet what might have been expected, and what have occurred in all great wars known to history. Such an overflowing flood of national life as was that first uprising of the people could not be lasting. Pentecostal seasons are necessarily transient. The flow of emotion is by nature intermittent; it has fulfilled its office when it has passed over into principle, and set that into action. True, we have not realized, to the full, what the spirit of the opening campaign so magnificently promised. Two years have passed, and the rebellion is still strong. We have gone through many a season of discouragement and gloom. Again and again has "hope deferred" ended at last in bitter disappointment. We have seen our brave soldiers robbed of victories just in their grasp, by the gross incompetency and shameful—aye, infamous—jealousies of their Generals. There has been corruption, extortion, villany—war always gives opportunity to vice—not to be winked out of sight. Treason, too, there has been within our own lines. The poor slave anxious to help, and trusting in our honor, has in too many an instance, against the laws of war, and of the land, and of humanity, been thrust back by federal soldiers with most cruel treatment. Still, notwithstanding these blots on the record, no one, with a map before him, can read the history of these two years of war, without admitting that, both in the Cabinet and in the field, a solid advancement has been made, which compares well with the history of military achievements by other nations; a broad, firm basis has been laid, on which the Government is beginning to build, and upon which, as it proceeds, it will continue to build more and more, according to our most patriotic and philanthropic hopes.

Moreover, though that early enthusiasm has subsided, it has passed over into something better than enthusiasm—manly principle and determination. In that wonderful outburst of harmonious patriotism, noble and sublime as it was, there was yet, as in all enthusiasm, something youthful, shortsighted, and crude. It over-estimated its own strength, underestimated its antagonist—talked of peace in ninety days. It needed to be tried by delay, and disappointment, and stern resistance,—needed these two years' schooling under the hard task-master, experience. Now, enthusiasm has ripened into vigorous and persistent principle. The last two months, under the stimulus of no victory, and after the fall campaign had closed in defeat and almost in national despair, have witnessed such a wondrous springing up of loyal sentiment and renewed development of patriotism as not inaptly to be termed "the *second* uprising of the people." Enthusiasm is gone, but hardy and unconquerable resolution has taken its place. Much dross, of course, has fallen away. It requires a higher order of character to sustain a war by dint of resolute principle alone, than on a flood of enthusiasm; when, therefore, the period of enthusiasm is past, all characters not up to a certain degree of moral stamina must inevitably drop into opposition. But, though there be less apparent unity, there is more strength. This second uprising is not to be cooled by delays, nor discouraged by defeats; it is not so much emotion as the sober second thought; it is the hardy, invincible determination of the people to carry this struggle through to victory, *and to make the victory clean.* God grant that the news, at this moment, perhaps, trembling at the other end of the wires, may be of success; but if it shall be of defeat, it will not, I believe, abate by one jot or tittle this calm determination of the people to recover every acre of the nation's domain, nor corrupt in the least their faith that it can be done. They have taken up their march, and will listen now to no rest till they have repossessed the inheritance of our fathers in its integrity, and from ocean to ocean, and from lake to gulf, planted one flag and made again one nation in the land,—one nation henceforth, not merely in form and in name, but in spirit and in truth.

But the end is not yet,—not so near as some of us, perhaps, are ready to think. Let us not, I pray, be again deceived by any delusive promise of an early peace. We have, after these two years' trial and wandering, only come up to the mount of vision, as Moses on the journey out of Egypt unto the mountain of Nebo, whence we may look off, and behold the promised land, "whither we go to possess it"—the plains and valleys "to the South," and "the city of palm-trees," even "unto the utmost sea." But there may be yet many a day's toilsome march, many a conflict and disaster, many sacrifices and hardships, before the journey's end is reached. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the only unfavorable omen for our cause is, that we are not paying dear enough for the costly good we seek. When did a people ever carry on a war of such magnitude as this with so little disturbance of social habits and material prosperity? The iron, perhaps, must go deeper, deeper—strike closer to our hearth-stones and our hearts. When we are ready to give *all* our material prosperity, and *all* our domestic comfort and peace, then, it may be, we shall be counted worthy to receive the inestimable boon of righteous government, and a free, united country. Whether, then, there remain three months or three years of this struggle, let us make up our minds that there is to be no turning back till we have offered the full price that honor, and patriotism, and liberty may demand: then we may safely leave the result to God.

Above all, and finally, let us not be deceived by the sophistry now put forth from some quarters where we should least expect it, that there may be an honorable retreat from the advanced moral position which the Government took on the 1st of January last. It is now argued by one who was foremost in urging the President to proclaim emancipation, that the Proclamation may take effect only upon those slaves who may chance to escape, or be taken from their masters, and come within the lines of our armies; and that the President, in the terms of a settlement with the rebellion, may honorably revoke it with regard to all others. I know not what is the most charitable supposition to make of the mind that can seriously hold to such an interpretation. The language of the proclamation is as plain as language can be. With regard to that class of slaves who come within our lines, it says nothing whatever. It needed not to say anything, for *their status* had been settled before. The proclamation of September declared *their* freedom; or, rather, it was declared by act of Congress, which act the proclamation of September merely announces, and calls the attention of all military and naval officers to as the law of the land. The proclamation of January, therefore, says nothing of escaping slaves; but it says that "*all* persons held as slaves" within certain designated States and parts of States, "*are and henceforward shall be free*"; and further, it pledges the Government of the United States, including its military and naval powers, to "*recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.*" And this pledge stands, having the same legal validity as any law of the land; and its language, if it means anything, can mean only this—that the *legal status* of the three millions of persons heretofore held as slaves in those States, and still actually in bondage, is now and forever shall be that of freedom. That is the decree; and it is to be made of actual as well as legal effect just so fast as the Government progresses in putting down the rebellion. Of all persons in the land, those three millions whom the proclamation designates, are just the ones whom the United States cannot enslave, without the grossest dishonor as well as injustice; they alone can produce a written title to freedom, and hold the United States thereto before the Court of the world by the bonds and seal of its plighted faith. The proclamation has had all the practical effect, thus far, at home and abroad, that could justly be expected of it. It now waits the movement of our armies. To revoke it—alas! that such a supposition must be entertained even for the purpose of showing its absurdity—to revoke it, because the Government has not the power to make it effectual, would be a confession of inability which no Government can afford to make; to revoke it, in order to purchase a peace, would be as dastardly a crime as was ever committed against humanity; to revoke it for any purpose will consign whoever does the deed—President or Congress or Party or Court—to historic infamy. Are the souls of these men mere pawns, which we can give to freedom and take back again, according as a battle may turn, or the exigencies of politics may require?

No; by that edict we stand; by that, and the glorious promise it contains, we go forward to grand achievement. The land that is given us for an inheritance, by the geographic distribution of its mountains, and rivers, and valleys, makes one country; but only by this edict can we possess it as one nation—one henceforth in spirit, in institutions, in destiny.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1863.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Thirtieth NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 28th and 29th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. of Thursday.

On the first day and evening, (Thursday,) the meetings of the Convention will be held at the MELONAON, (lower hall of the Tremont Temple.) On Friday, they will be held, day and evening, in the TREMONT TEMPLE.

Let the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in New England assemble together once more in Annual Convention. It may be that they will never be under the necessity of holding another. Whether so or not, must depend solely upon the existence of Slavery in the land, or otherwise, and upon the faithfulness with which the great principles of freedom and justice are now applied to the monstrous system of iniquity, which, however severely wounded and however weakened, is still struggling desperately for life and mastery.

Among the speakers who are expected to address the Convention are WENDELL PHILLIPS, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY of Syracuse, Rev. A. A. MINER, E. H. HEYWOOD, HENRY C. WRIGHT, A. T. FOSS, GILES B. STEBBINS, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, and JOHN S. ROCK.

"The Hutchinson Family" (Asa's) have kindly volunteered their melodious services on the occasion.

"MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS."

Among the multitude of books which have been published upon the subject of American slavery, pre-eminent in excellence and effectiveness stand those of Frederic Law Olmstead. Journeying extensively through the southern and south-western States during the years 1852 3, mostly on horseback, for the purpose of examining the agricultural resources of those States, and of studying the effects of slavery upon agriculture, he at length embodied the results of his observations in these admirable works:—"A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States"—"A Journey through Texas"—and, "A Journey in the Back Country."

From the fact that the author of these books was not an abolitionist, but merely an unprejudiced observer, more interested in the economical and social aspects of slavery than in its moral, who daguerreotyped faithfully Southern life as he found it, they reached an extended circulation among a class of people impervious to any purely anti-slavery appeal. That Northern anti-slavery sentiment was strongly reinforced by their influence cannot be doubted.

Somewhat in the same category we would rank the recent books of Edmund Kirke, "Among the Pines," and "My Southern Friends," the latter of which we have just received, and in its commendation this notice is written. Both writers evince the same graphic power of delineating the character and dialect of the negroes and the "poor white trash;" both mirror Southern nature with such fidelity that the deformity reflected startles the beholder, and compels him to think. Kirke, like Olmstead, did not look upon the "peculiar institution" with abolition eyes. Democratic in politics, intimately connected with slavery in his business relations, he portrays only scenes which his Southern intimacy forced him to witness. "All of which I saw, and part of which I was," is the quotation he writes upon the title-page.

In spite of the thrilling power which this book exhibits, we regret that Mr. Kirke felt it necessary, as in its predecessor, to weave his story of facts with a network of fiction. Though in his "last words," he vouches for the truth of all the incidents narrated, and furnishes a key to several of the characters, yet we think he has lessened the permanent value of the book in his effort to enhance its temporary interest. The proverb, "Truth is stranger than fiction," never was exemplified more fully than by American slavery, and to add imagination to incidents which in themselves transcend imagination is "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

But we welcome "My Southern Friends" as another of the powerful blows that are being showered on the dying hydra, slavery, and cordially commend it to the careful perusal of our readers, in the confidence that it will deepen still more their hatred of the accursed system. It is published by Carleton, and is sold by all booksellers. Cloth $1.00; paper 75 cts. —W. L. G., JR.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June, 1863, has a fine table of contents, as follows:—Weak Lungs, and how to make them strong. By Dio Lewis, M. D. Violet Planting. By Mrs. Elizabeth Akers. Paul Blecker. By the author of "Life in the Iron Mills." The Hancock House and its Founder. By Arthur Gilman. Why Thomas was Discharged. By George Arnold. Light and Dark. By John Weiss. Wet-weather Work. By Donald G. Mitchell. The Member from Foxden. Mountains and their Origin. By Louis Agassiz. Camilla's Concert. By Gail Hamilton. Spring at the Capital. Horrors of San Domingo. By John Weiss. Reviews and Literary Notices. Ticknor & Fields, Publishers.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was held in New York on Tuesday, May 12th, at the Church of the Puritans, and at the Cooper Institute. The first meeting took place at the Church of the Puritans, (Dr. Cheever's,) commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. A very large and highly intelligent audience was in attendance, the church being entirely filled, and among them were many who, years ago, enlisted for the war, and have been spared to see the "beginning of the end" for which they have so long and so faithfully labored. On the platform were seated the President of the Society, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, THEODORE D. WELD, THOMAS GARRETT, Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, Rev. MOSES THACHER, THEODORE TILTON, and others.

The exercises of the occasion commenced with the singing of a hymn, by a voluntary choir, under the direction of Prof. SIGISMUND LASAR.

The PRESIDENT—In accordance with the usages of this Society, opportunity will now be given to any one who may feel moved to offer prayer to God in behalf of our sacred cause.

Rev. GEORGE TRASK, of Fitchburg, Mass., (known as the anti-tobacco preacher,) then came to the platform, and prayed fervently for the Society, the Country, and the Cause of Freedom.

Another hymn was then sung—followed by the reading of portions of the eleventh and twelfth chapters of the Book of the prophet Jeremiah, by the President.

The Treasurer of the Society [WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq.) being absent, his Annual Report was read by Mr. May, of Boston, as follows:—

Annual Account of the American Anti-Slavery Society from May 1, 1862, to May 1, 1863.

DR.

By balance from old account,	$3,837 93
By amount received from subscriptions to *Standard*, donations, and sales of publications,	9,614 00
	$13,451 93

CR.

To amount expended for publication of *Standard*, for Lecturing Agents, and for publishing pamphlets,	9,297, 38
To balance new account,	4,154 55
	$13,451 93

The President then read to the meeting an extended series of Resolutions, respecting the rebellion and the aspects of the Anti-Slavery cause. [These were published in the *Liberator* of last week.]

The President introduced, as the first speaker, the Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, of the Covenanter body of New York—a body which had stood like a religious Gibraltar against the wiles and temptations of the Slave Power, keeping its garments clean from the beginning.

[Mr. Sloane made a most admirable speech, congratulating the Abolitionists on the surprising change which had taken place in public sentiment, hostile to the continuance of slavery, and eloquently refuting the charge as malignantly and atrociously false, in the sense in which it is made, that anti-slavery men are the cause of this war. We hope to receive a correct report of his speech, to be published in a future number of the *Liberator*.]

The President then said—It follows, as a matter of course, that, having proscribed and oppressed the free colored population of our country, and committed to chains the slave population, we should be in a mood, as a people, to slander both classes. We have in every possible manner attempted to justify ourselves by bringing false accusations against them. But, thank God, all these accusations are being shown, from day to day, and from hour to hour, to be utterly false before the world. Wherever the free colored people have shown their hand, they have done well in this hour of our nation's calamity; and as for the slave population, how marvellously have they been guided and directed to do the very best thing that could be done under the circumstances! How peacefully they have behaved! How patiently they have waited for God's hour of deliverance! And now that the government has found it necessary to summon even slaves to the national conflict, how they are exhibiting the qualities of good soldiers, placing themselves among the bravest of the brave, and proving that they are indeed worthy of their freedom!

I am glad to introduce to you one who is abundantly able to speak in behalf both of the free colored and the slave population—ROBERT PURVIS, Esq., of Pennsylvania.

SPEECH OF ROBERT PURVIS, ESQ.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is bad taste, I know, in a speaker, to begin with an apology, and to talk about himself; but I must ask to be excused if I offend in both these particulars. I cannot speak to order, as some people, more happily constituted, can. I cannot, in cold blood, arrange a speech beforehand, and yet I dare not trust the impulse of the moment. It is the misfortune of natures born near the sun that their blood will not obey the helm of their judgment. I don't know why it is, therefore, that my friends on the Committee of Arrangements so persistently urge me to speak. No, sir—I will correct myself—I *do* know why; it is because I am identified with the confessedly oppressed race in this country; and you will allow me to say, sir, that by reason of that identification, waiving all objection, I consent to speak.

Mr. Chairman, this is a proud day for the "colored" man. For the first time since this Society was organized, I stand before you a recognized citizen of the United States. (Applause.) And, let me add, for the first time since your government was a government, is it an honor to be a citizen of the United States! Sir, old things are passing away, all things are becoming new. Now a black man has rights, under this government, which every white man, here and everywhere, is bound to respect. (Applause.) The damnable doctrine of the detestable Taney is no longer the doctrine of the country. The Slave Power no longer rules at Washington. The slaveholders and their miserable allies are biting the dust, and Copperhead Democracy has come to grief. The black man is a citizen—all honor to Secretary Bates, who has so pronounced him! The black man can take out a passport, and travel to the uttermost parts of the earth, protected by the broad ægis of the government—all honor to Secretary Seward, who was the first to recognize this right! The black man is a citizen soldier, standing on an equality in the rank and file with the white soldier—all honor to Secretary Stanton and the rest of the Administration! Sir, I know very well that this government is not yet all that it ought to be. I know that Mr. Bates is not considered a progressive man, and that Mr. Seward has incurred the severe displeasure of loyal anti-slavery people. But, sir, these gentlemen have in a signal manner recognized my rights, and the rights of my oppressed countrymen. They have officially invested us with the prerogatives of which we have been basely robbed, and I would be false to my nature, false to my convictions, false to my best feelings, did I not thus publicly testify my sense of respect and heartfelt gratitude. Say what you please of Mr. Seward, condemn as you may his shortcomings and his failures—I make no apology for either; but it must always be owned, to his immortal honor, that he has from the beginning been the fast friend of the "man of color." From the time when, as Governor of this Empire State, he refused to deliver up to the Governor of Virginia certain black refugees, to the day when, as a lawyer, he defended the idiotic black culprit Freeman, and from that day till the present time, Mr. Seward has been the unprejudiced respecter of the black man's equal rights, and, as such, I feel bound here and everywhere to honor him. I have said that I consider it an honor to be a citizen of this republic, and I repeat it. I am proud to be an American citizen. You know, Mr. Chairman, how bitterly I used to denounce the United States as the basest despotism the sun ever shone upon; and I take nothing back that ever I said. When this government was, as it used to be, a slaveholding oligarchy; when such imbecile and heartless cravens as our Buchanan and your Pierce were its nominal rulers; when its powers were used and abused by slaveholding, slave-breeding traitors, such as Jefferson Davis, and Howell Cobb, and Thief Floyd, and Isaac Toucey; and when the old Jesuit Taney was unshorn of his power as Chief President in its Temple of Justice; then, sir, I hated it with a wrath which words could not express, and I denounced it with all the bitterness of my indignant soul. (Applause.) My friends would urge me to moderate my tone, but it was impossible; out of the bitterness of the heart, the mouth would speak. I was a victim, stricken, degraded, injured, insulted in my person, in my family, in my friends, in my estate; I returned bitterness for bitterness, and scorn for scorn. I am the same man still, and I must be allowed, as some would say, though I do not, to err on the other extreme. I forget the past; joy fills my soul at the prospect of the future. I leave to others the needful duty of censure. But, I hear some of my hearers saying, "It is too soon to begin to rejoice; don't halloo till you are out of the woods; don't be too sure of the future—wait and see." No, sir, I will not wait—I cannot be mistaken. My instincts, in this matter at least, are unerring. The good time which has so long been coming is at hand. I feel it, I see it in the air, I read it in the signs of the times; I see it in the acts of Congress, in the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in its exclusion from the Territories, in solemn treaties for the effectual suppression of the infernal foreign slave trade, in the acknowledgment of the black republics of Hayti and Liberia. I see it in the new spirit that is in the army; I see it in the black regiment of South Carolina—(applause;) I see it in the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts; I see it in the order of Adjutant-General Thomas, forming a black brigade at Memphis; I see it, above all, and more than all, in THE GLORIOUS AND IMMORTAL PROCLAMATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1863. (Cheers.) By that imperishable instrument, the three million of slaves in the rebel States are legally and irrevocably free! (the opinion of Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* to the contrary notwithstanding.) By that immortal document, all the remaining slaves of the country are in effect promised their freedom. In *spirit* and in *purpose*, thanks to *Almighty God!* this is no longer a slaveholding republic. The fiat has gone forth which, when this rebellion is crushed—and it will be crushed as sure as there is a God in heaven—the fiat has gone forth which, in the simple but beautiful language of the President, "will take all burdens from off all backs, and make every man a freeman."

Sir, this is a glorious contest. It is not simply and solely a fight about the black man. It is not merely a war between the North and the South. It is a war between freedom and despotism the world over. If this government had only the South to contend with, their work would be soon done. But it is with the South backed up by pro-slavery Europe and pro-slavery England, that this government has to contend. It is pro-slavery England that furnishes to the rebels the arms, ammunition, ships, encouragement and money with which to carry out the base slaveholding, slave-breeding conspiracy. I say pro-slavery England, for, Mr. Chairman, I need not tell you that there are two Englands—anti-slavery England that manumitted her 800,000 slaves, and the England that opposed, as long as there was any hope of success, that glorious act; the England that now speaks in our favor in the voice of John Bright and William E. Forster, and that noble man and unequalled orator, George Thompson, and the England which holds the reins of power in its hands, and uses that power, as far as it *dares*, to break down this government. Sir, the former England I honor and adore; the latter, the England which now uses and abuses the great power of that great country, I abhor and repudiate. When I was in England, many years ago, it was my good fortune to be introduced to Ireland's great Liberator, the eminent Daniel O'Connell. Before extending his hand to me, he said that "he would never take the hand of an American, unless he knew him to be an anti-slavery man." Thanking him for his noble resolution, and declaring myself at the same time to be an Abolitionist, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and shook it heartily. It was a striking circumstance, and left a deep impression upon my mind. Mr. Chairman, I am now prepared to practice the lesson I then learned. O'Connell has gone, and, alas! his spirit has gone with him. The foulest and bitterest enemies of freedom and the black man are countrymen of the great Liberator. If, hereafter, any one coming from Great Britain, be he Saxon or Celt, should seek an introduction to one so humble as myself, I think, before extending my hand, I would feel bound to say, What sort of an Englishman or Irishman are you? Are you of the herd that support the slaveholding rebels, and that build Alabama corsairs and Florida pirates to prey on the commerce of Freedom? If you are, I will have nothing to do with you; I regard you as an enemy of God and of the human race. But if your sympathies are with struggling Freedom, and your hatred towards its enemies, then give me your hand.

Mr. Chairman, I had intended to say something about the Copperhead Democracy, but these dastards don't trouble me now. They are as malignant, as venomous, as traitorous as ever, and perhaps more so, but their power is gone, and their days are numbered. They are

> "Their country's curse, their children's shame,
> Outcasts of virtue, peace and fame."

They may, in their baseness and pusillanimity, denounce the black man as inferior, as do your Vallandighams—I trust he has got his deserts at last—(applause)—Morses and Coxes, down to your ex-Congressman Biddle, or they may hound on an Irish mob, as do your Fernando Woods and Booby Brookses in your streets; but I repeat it, sir, their power is gone.

Mr. Chairman, I end as I began: This is a proud day for the "colored man," and a day of glorious promise for the country. Our work as Abolitionists is not finished. Much remains to be done. But we have thousands upon thousands of helpers. Anti-slavery societies and anti-slavery agents are now numerous and powerful. The United States Senate and House of Representatives, the State Legislatures, the "Union Leagues" are anti-slavery societies; the Cabinet at Washington is a great Executive Committee, and thousands of its civil and military officers are its agents. Our country is not yet free, but thank God for those signs of the times that unmistakably indicate that it soon will be! With a future so glorious before us, may we not, in the eloquent language of Curran, say "to the stranger and the sojourner" who sets his foot on the soil of America, "he treads on ground that is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of [America,] the altar and the god sink together in the dust, his soul walks abroad in her own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of *Universal Emancipation.*" (Enthusiastic applause.)

The choir then sang Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the congregation joining in the chorus at each verse.

A collection having been taken up for the benefit of the Society, the meeting was next addressed by THEODORE D. WELD and WENDELL PHILLIPS; but we are compelled to postpone the report of their remarks till next week.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Proprietors of the Church for the use of the same, and to the Choir for their valuable and acceptable services.

The Society also assembled in the evening at the Cooper Institute, and was addressed by THEODORE TILTON, (whose excellent speech we give below,) and WENDELL PHILLIPS; after which, the Hon. HENRY B. STANTON, in compliance with a call from the friends around him, made a stirring address. The Hutchinson Family (JOHN, HENRY and VIOLA, assisted by Mrs. ABBY PATTON) added much to the interest of the meeting by singing several touching and appropriate songs. Mrs. Patton's fine voice gave pleasure to the whole audience, but especially to hundreds of her old friends, whose hearts were stirred by memories of the time when she was the "bright particular star" of the unrivalled quartette first known as the "Hutchinson Family."

The Business meetings of the Society were held in the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday forenoon. But we must defer the remainder of the report till next week.

SPEECH OF THEODORE TILTON, ESQ.

Delivered at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the Cooper Institute, New York.

TUESDAY EVENING, May 12.

MY FRIENDS:—I bring to you the negro! Not the slave—not the contraband—not the freedman—but the negro! You and I will not meet slavery in the future as we have met it in the past. The times have changed. Our attitude now toward that system is the attitude of St. Margaret in Raphael's picture—our feet are upon the Great Dragon, and the palm-branch of victory is in our hands. (Applause.) The Cause which this May festival represents takes now a new phase. As the *Journal of Commerce* expresses it, "The opposition is no longer to the slave: it is to the negro." That is, there is a sworn enmity to the black man whether in his chains, or not—whether under the yoke, or free. Men dislike the color of his skin—so they lift their hands to smite his cheek. Our plea, therefore, is no longer for the slave. That argument has passed. It passed on the 1st of January. The needful plea now is for the negro. That necessity still remains. "The poor ye have always with you!"

Who, then, is the negro? What is his rank among men? Send men to search for the negro, and where will they look? They will look under their own feet—for they keep him to trample on! Lift him up and ask, who is he? and what do men answer? An inferior man—a sunken humanity—a half gifted child of God. A white man, looking down upon a negro, straightway lifts himself up an inch higher into a fool's pride!

But settle as you will who are *above* the negro, I will tell you who are *below* him. The Esquimaux are below him. The Pacific Islanders are below him. The South American Tribes poleward from the La Plata are below him. The ground castes of India are below him: Bachman says that the head of the Negro measures three square inches more than the head of the Hindoo. The natives of Van Dieman's land are below him. Is the negro's skull thick? The Van Dieman's Lander breaks fire-wood over *his!* He would do to be his own schoolmaster! (Laughter.) I can count you twenty races of men—and as many editors of newspapers—who rank below the negro. (Laughter.)

Ethnologists say that the classes of mankind are five—just a handful! You can count them on your thumb and fingers—like the five points of Calvinism. (Laughter.) Thus—Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American Indian, Malay. Now I put a question: would you exchange the negroes of the South for four million Malays? They are a nation of pirates. Would you exchange them for four million Chinese? Ask San Francisco! Would you exchange them for four million Indians? Ask Minnesota, and read her answer in fire and massacre! So, out of the five classes of mankind, the negro is your second choice. You prefer him before three-fifths of all the world! You rank him second to the Caucasian. That is to say, you count him the best man in the world after yourself.

Of course, you would exchange the negroes for four million Caucasians. We have a Caucasian pride. But who are these typical Caucasians who have given their name to the best blood of the world? Who are these chief aristocrats of the earth? They borrow their name from Mount Caucasus—their supposed native seat. The books say that their women are like Venus—their men like Apollo—the finest known specimens of mankind. But Mrs. Primrose says, "Handsome is, that handsome does." Now, what have these handsome Caucasians done in the world? I mean the pure, original stock by the Black Sea—untainted by baser blood. They have accomplished nothing. They have originated no new idea. They have left no record in history. They have exerted no influence upon mankind. They are like the Adam of the Scriptures—the original Caucasian of the garden—who probably had a fine figure and a fair face, but who never said a single word, or thought a single thought, which God deemed worthy of record in the Scriptures to after times. Take the whole double tribe of original Caucasians—Georgians on one side, and Caucasians on the other—and compare them, for influence in the world, with our American negroes. I maintain that the slaves of the single State of South Carolina have done more useful work—have written themselves a more lasting name in history—are exerting more influence upon their day and generation—shaking States, changing governments, settling ideas—than the whole tribe of original Caucasians who still look up to their native mountain-peak to receive the whiteness of its snows upon their foreheads, and the glow of its sun-flushes upon their cheeks! Caucasian? The beautiful name is of as little account as the ugly-faced newspaper that steals it in this city. (Laughter.)

Do you say the negro race is inferior? No man can yet pronounce that judgment safely. How will you compare races, to give each its due rank? There is but one just way. You must compare them in their fulfilments, not in their beginnings—in their flower, not in their bud. Nations rise, wax strong, decline. Now, for instance, how will you estimate the rank of the great Roman people? By its beginnings? By its decline? By neither. You rank it at the height of its civilization—when it attained to jurisprudence, to statesmanship, to eloquence, to the beautiful arts. Otherwise, you rank it unjustly. The Germans, today, give philosophy to Europe; but you can count the years backwards when the Germans, now philosophers, were barbarians. Who could say, eight or nine centuries ago, what was to be the intellectual capacity of the French nation? So no man can now predict what is to be the intellectual destiny of the negro race. That race is yet so undeveloped—that destiny is yet so unfulfilled—that no man can say, and no wise man pretends to say, what the negro race is capable of being.

Inferior? What is human inferiority? Will you look at a child in his cradle and say, That is an inferior man? No. You wait for his growth—you judge him by his manhood. Will you look upon a race yet in its infancy, and say, That is an inferior race? No. The time has not yet come to judge that infant child; the time has not yet come to judge this infant race. These stormy times are yet only rocking its cradle in the tree-tops, as in the nursery song. It may be that the negro race—on their native continent—in the long future—growing strong as other nations grow weak—holding the soil in one hand, and the sea in the other—may yet rise to be the dominant, superior race of the world. I do not say this will be so; but I say, no man can prove that this will *not* be so. You may read Pritchard, and Pinkerton, and Morton, and Pickering, and Latham, and all the rest—the whole library of Ethnology—and in the confusion of knowledge you will find one thing clear—and that is, science has not yet proved, in advance, that the negro race is not to be a high-cultured, dominant race—rulers of their own continent, and perhaps dictators to the world. No man can foresee the future of the world's history. Who knows but that each continent may, in turn, become chief of the whole five in power and civilization? Asia once outranked Europe, but Europe now outranks Asia. North America, once a wilderness, now nearly equals Europe. Who knows but that Africa may yet, in time, overtop them all? For, as the least shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, it may be, also, that the least shall be greatest among the kingdoms of the earth. (Applause.)

But, whatever is to be the destiny of the negro race in Africa, every man sees that we are not to have a negro race in America—I mean a strictly negro race of unmingled blood. We have no isolated race here, white or black, except one—the Jews. The American people are many peoples—a nation of many nations. The four quarters of the earth send us their sons and daughters. As all tongues have entered into the English tongue, so all nations are entering into the English speaking race on this continent.

It is as if God, counselling with himself, how to make this nation the greatest on the earth, had said—"Of what fibre shall I make them? With what qualities shall I endow them?" Then he poured into their veins the Saxon blood, that their eyes might be filled with the sky, and their hair with the sun. Then he mingled with it the Celtic, quickened with mercury and touched with fire. Then he poured into it the sunny wines of the South of Europe. Then after many other gifts, he gave it—last but not least—that strange, mysterious current, which bleeds, when wounded, like other men's blood!—which dances in the pulse, when joy-smitten, like other men's blood!—yet which carries the blackness of darkness into men's faces in token that it should also carry the shadow of death into men's souls!

Then God said, "How shall I prepare a continent to be the home of such a people?" And he straightway ribbed it through the centre with mountain chains—that the Swiss and the Swede coming hither, might still find fellowship of eternal hills. He salted it on either side with two great seas—that the maritime people of Europe, coming hither, might find still fairer coasts for their ships. He laid his palm upon it, levelling it to lake and plain—that the Hollander, coming hither, might find his customary flat lands, and might see how the Zyder Zee, touched by miracle of nature, blooms into an illimitable level of prairie grass! Last but not least, he stretched its Southern slope into the tropical heats, that the negro also, coming hither, might find a home, where only he and the eagle should have courage to look at the sun.

It is with such a people, and with such a continent under their feet, that God is working out the destiny of the New World.

Is it a wise plan? Great nations get the fibre of their strength from mixed bloods. In Europe—the most civilized of the continents—every nation stands built upon the broken fragments of former nations. God sets the centuries rolling over nationalities until, in process of time, all peoples lose their original identity—the nations mingle their blood—the face of the world is changed. It is written that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth." If part of this blood becomes separated from the general current of humanity—diverted for centuries, as with the Jews, into an exclusive and narrow channel—never resupplied out of the great reservoir of the race—history shows that it loses some element of richness, of vitality, of capacity for national greatness. What have the Jews gained by being miserly of their blood? Since Solomon, they have treasured up their nationality, letting none run to waste. But have they, in consequence, transmitted the wisdom of Solomon? When the Jews die, will wisdom die with them? Yes, in one respect. Solomon says that wisdom is gold. If the Jews were to drop off, I think gold would go down. (Laughter.) But I cast no shadow upon the Jews—those wanderers in the earth, who have no rest for the soles of their feet. For they, too, have a claim of partnership in the Christian doctrine which you and I must practise—"Honor all men."

As a single family, marrying within itself, violates the equities of nature, so a nation which keeps itself forever as an exclusive family among nations, holds back its own progress, and prevents its greatness. The history of the world's civilization is written in one word—which many are afraid to speak—which many more are afraid to hear—and that is, Amalgamation.

This is especially the history of this country. Was there ever such a motley multitude as compose this nation? Were there ever such intermingings of many races? Saxon blood is spilt into Anglo-Saxon veins. Celtic blood hides in many a man's heart, who has never dreamed that he is an Irishman—and never will till we have war with England. (Laughter.) Feel the pulse of our American nationality—open the channel of its veins—question the blood concerning its pedigree—nay, look only at men's features as you meet them day by day—there a trace of German descent, there an unmistakable Scotch feature, there a borrowing from the Spanish, there a token of Huguenot ancestry—why, the map of the whole world is written in the faces of the men who daily walk the streets of New York! (Applause.)

Three stupendous processes of intermingling of races are going forward in this country. First, we are absorbing the Irish race. Second, we are absorbing the German race. Third—what? Are we absorbing the negro race? No, just the opposite. Look at the facts. It is not black blood that pours itself into white veins. It is white blood that pours itself into black veins. It is not, therefore, a philosophical statement to say, as President Sturtevant says, that the negro race is being absorbed by the white. On the contrary, the negro race is receiving and absorbing part of the white. A large fraction of the white race of the South is melting away into the black. I am not stating any theory on the subject—I am stating only the fact. That is the plain fact, which no man can gainsay.

Our fathers, in writing the Constitution, said in the preamble that it was to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Southern interpreters claim that these blessings are for white men, not for black. But who are the posterity of Southern white men? They are Southern half-black men. (Laughter.) If God were to step visibly into the land, holding that preamble in His hand, and calling out, "As many as are here named, let them come forth!" how many would answer? A hand-writing in milk, held to the fire, becomes plain. So the record of white blood written in the black race of this country, if suddenly summoned to play tell-tale with its secret, would give answer in the faces of three-quarters of four million slaves! I say three-quarters! These figures are not a guess. They are a care

Otherwise, the negro will steal the white man's face. If you dislike to permit this, then give him his freedom! You must do one or the other!

The earth is covered with many distinct nationalities. What is God's object in this variety? It is to broaden and diversify human character. The thoughts of the Infinite Mind are so great that it takes many symbols to express one. What is God's idea of a flower? Is it a daisy? Is it a lily? Is it a rose? It is none of these by itself. It takes the whole garden of the earth—every flower that grows, every blossom that bursts in May—it takes all these, gathered out of every clime, the world around, to illustrate the greatness, the breadth of God's idea when he made the flowers of the field. Now, man—who is he! Is he a Frenchman? A Spaniard? An Asiatic! A Sea-islander? An Indian? A Negro? None of these by himself. It takes all men to make Man! It takes all tongues and tribes and races to mass up God's grand idea of humanity!

Look at Europe! What a diversity of races! Yet every race different from every other—and each, in some peculiar characteristic, superior to every other. Now, strike out the German mind from the world—strike out the French mind—strike out the Scotch mind—strike out the English mind—and you impoverish the world by just so much as you destroy any of its varying types of mankind. Now, I maintain that, as you cannot afford to strike out any of these, you cannot afford to strike out the Negro. (Applause.)

I will tell you why. In the first place, the negro is the most religious man among men. Is not the religious nature the highest part of human nature? Strike out the negro, then, and you destroy the highest development of the highest part of human nature. If the Christian system were to perish to-day out of the world, it could be reconstructed to-morrow—not a doctrine lost—from the half-inspired lips of uncultured plantation slaves. In Solomon's Song, the Bride is made to say, "I am black, for the sun hath looked at me." Do you take the Bride to mean the Church—as Commentators say—and Christ the Head? Then I suggest whether the meaning may not be that the Church of Christ is preëminently the black race—the religious race of the world?

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellectual faculties. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason. It is the moral nature. Now compare the inherent moral nature of the negro race with that of other men. Baron Larry says that the most perfect human skull is the Arab's. What is the Arab's religious nature? In the Academy of Design on Broadway is a picture of an Arab kneeling in the sand before the Sphinx, his ear at its lips, waiting in superstitious awe for the whispering of some secret which the dumb image will never divulge. But the negro of the plantation—whom men call the meanest of the human race—knows better than the perfect-brained Arab; for, bowing down before no stone image, he lifts his face up to the Living God, saying, in the fervor of his devotion, "The entrance of thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple." (Applause.)

In all those intellectual activities which take their strange quickening from the moral faculties—which we call instincts, intuitions—the negro is superior to the white man—equal to the white woman. It is sometimes said—I have heard Parke Godwin say—that the negro race is the feminine race of the world. This is not only because of his social and affectional nature, but because he possesses that strange moral, instinctive insight that belongs more to women than to men. I suppose that the brain of Daniel Webster weighed five pounds. Now, Daniel Webster said, "It is useless to reënact the laws of God." Frederick Douglass replied, "It is worse than useless to reënact any other." I think the black man's remark morally profounder than the white's.

Then, too, we have need of the negro for his Mirth—because he carries about in his bosom that "cheerful heart that doeth good like a medicine." A negro's laugh has a summer day's sunshine in it. (Laughter.)

We have need of the negro for his Imitative Faculty—which, not working towards constructiveness—not making him a mechanic or inventor, (I mean as a class,) works toward the æsthetic faculties, and makes him the true dramatic actor, though banished from the stage. Shakspeare knew this, and drew Othello with an art so true to nature that the play will never be truly represented until you permit the negro to come upon the boards to represent it.

We have need of the negro for his Music—a great race, unto whom, in their bondage, as unto Paul and Silas in their prison-house, God has mercifully given songs in the night!

But let us stop questioning whether the negro is a man. In many respects, he is a superior man. In a few respects, he is the greatest of men. I think he is certainly greater than those men who clamor against giving him a chance in the world, as if they feared something in the competition. (Laughter.)

Now, what is it that I ask for the negro? I ask nothing more than for the white man, and nothing less. I ask nothing more than for myself—and nothing less. First of all, I ask that he shall not be a slave. Break the yokes; burst the chains; open the prison-doors; let the oppressed go free! (Applause.) I ask, then, that after he is free, he shall not be oppressed by those cruel laws which degrade him to a secondary slavery in the free States. I ask that, in the State of New York, he shall go to the ballot-box, carrying his ballot in his hand, subject to the same restrictions as white men, and subject to no other. (Applause.) On the day when the people of this State gain, with their right hand, a one hundred thousand majority for Abraham Lincoln, they gave, with their left, a one hundred thousand majority against negro suffrage. We must help the negro up from under the weight of that injustice. (Applause.) I ask, then, that he shall take his seat in the jury-box to perform his part in those honorable services from which no white man escapes. Do you say that he is too humble for such a position? Well, I have known a million dollars—the interests of a great corporation—to hang in a jury-room upon the assenting voice of a twelfth juror, and he a poor humble mechanic, earning a dollar a day. It was a sublime spectacle! I ask, also, that the negro shall be eligible to every political office to which white men are eligible. Then, after nomination, if you don't like him, vote him down, as you vote down other decent men. (Laughter.) Are negroes capable of holding office? Capable of governing States? Well, for instance, for the next Presidency, as between General McClellan and Frederick Douglass—who is your choice? (Applause.) In the British Island of Jamaica, the ablest man in the government is Sir Edward Jordan—and he is a negro. I hope to see the day when South Carolina shall be governed by some educated negro, who shall be lifted to that high position by the generous majority of a free people. (Applause.) I do not ask, just now, that competent black men shall hold office. I ask that incompetent black men shall hold office—for only so will they be on a level with the whites. (Laughter.)

I ask that the negro shall receive the respect of the best society. He always does—for that only is the best society that honors the poor. (Applause.) Ask him into your pew at church. Let him ride at your side in the cars. Give him the right hand of fellowship—as, indeed, God ordained, for he made the inside of the negro's hand white, for clasping a white man's. (Laughter.) The finest sight I ever saw in Central Park was an old wagon, an old horse, and an Irishman and a negro sitting side by side on one seat, taking a fashionable drive. (Laughter.) That team and its teamsters, I thought, drove farther into the shadowy edge of the millennium than all the gilded cavalcade that whirled by! (Laughter and applause.)

Now, after these views of the character of the negro, and of his rights, what are the signs of the times? What are the hopes that this character will be acknowledged, and these rights achieved? A new era came in with Sumter. That fortress of Charleston harbor was built upon a foundation of New England granite; that State of South Carolina shall be rebuilt upon a foundation of New England ideas. How the war has changed character in two years! The Revolution of our fathers began with no idea of the independence of the colonies, but only a redress of grievances. The war now in the land began with no idea of the emancipation of slaves, but only the retaking of forts. But how grandly has that Providence—that rules the whirlwind and directs the storm—evolved out of a struggle for the maintenance of the public property, a grander struggle for the maintenance of the dignity of man! We witness the spectacle of a great nation, staking all that it holds dear, in a contest of life or death, upon an issue which, stripped of all the disguises that conceal the real meaning of the war, means simply this—that we will no longer join hands in building up a despotism whose corner-stone is laid upon the body of the slave! Every flag that we now send southward is a token to the world that we mean no longer to suffer the despoiling of the poor.

This is something new in the world's history. A nation struggling for self-existence—that is, nothing new! A nation struggling for self-aggrandizement—that is nothing new! A nation struggling against a civil war—that is nothing new! But here is a nation struggling for the rights of the meanest beggars that walk naked and hungry up and down its desolate plantations! This is something new. No record equals this, in human annals. There have been many struggles for freedom before. The world is rich with their sacred memory. But what has been the aim of these struggles? They have been the contests of the common people against princes and kings, against priests and popes—striking at a tyrannous State oppressing them on one side, striking at a tyrannous Church oppressing them on the other. The people heard a king say, "I am the State," and they smote the lie dead upon his lips, and ever since have said, "*We* are the State." The people saw an ecclesiastical hierarchy treading upon liberty of conscience, and they asserted the right of private judgment, and ever since have said, "To our own Master we stand or fall!" The people, looking up, saw kings above them, and drew them down; saw a privileged class above them, and cast them down; saw the various aristocracies of birth and wealth above them, and smote them down.

What, therefore, has been the struggle for liberty in the past? It has been the common people lifting up their hands above their heads to pull down to their own level the high, the noble, the proud! What is the struggle for liberty now? It is the common people reaching down their hands under their feet to lift up to their own level the low, the poor, the slave! (Applause.) This it is that constitutes the Christian marvel of our times. This it is that distinguishes this war from every other war ever waged in the world. Four million of slaves are under our feet: they are to stand at our side!—each a child of God!—each having a birthright here, and an inheritance there!—each crowned with a strange, immortal dignity, that falls like a coronet out of the heavens upon every man whom God hath honored, and whom God hath loved! (Applause.)

We speak of social equality and inequality—of high and low—of rich and poor—of white and black. If you had walked down Broadway at six o'clock this evening—stemming that stream of humanity that pours hitherward after the mill-wheels of the day's work are stopped—you would have seen the merchant, the scholar, the lawyer—you would have seen the mechanic, the beggar, the black—all grades of men. You would have rendered them varying respect, according to their varying grade. But how soon, after all, shall all these distinctions fade away, and all men shall stand equal before the bar of Him who is no respecter of persons! If, then, these distinctions avail so little there, why should they avail so much here? My thought goes out to that great multitude of God's lowly children, who are soon to be lifted to a higher estate on earth—that great race who, for two hundred and forty years, have been slaves on the same soil where we are free—whose bondage is thrice older than the Republic—whose fathers, for eight generations, have worn the chain and borne the burden, and gone down with their sorrows into merciful graves! What a record will be revealed against this nation in that day when the books shall be opened, and the graves shall burst, and the dead shall awake, and God shall avenge His own elect! I dare not think of it! Veil the picture! It is too awful for human sight! Look, rather, to the far South, and see the living children of these eight generations of the dead, children more blessed than their fathers, having now a hope in this world—look southward, and behold them emerging out of the valley of the shadow of death into the light and liberty of the sons of God! My countrymen, give them a greeting of good cheer! Throw words of Christian welcome, like roses, under their feet, to make fragrant the pathway of their coming! For behold they come, guided of Him whose reward is with Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye do it unto me." (Applause.)

The Hutchinson Family then sung, with great effect, the anti-slavery song, "Over the mountain and over the moor"; when the President introduced Mr. Phillips as the next speaker.

[Mr. Phillips made three capital speeches in New York, the publication of all of which we are obliged to omit this week, for want of space.]

LETTER FROM REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

CAMP OF THE 33D MASS., NEAR AQUIA CREEK, (Va.) May 10th, 1863.

DEAR GARRISON,—Two weeks ago, we received orders to march at daylight the next morning, with eight days' rations in our haversacks. That would give us eighty crackers, and say four pounds of cheese, or its equivalent in some other form of condiment, to make the "hard tack" palatable, besides the coffee, and sugar, and salt. In addition to this, the soldier must take on the march his bed and house—i. e., a rubber and woollen blanket and his shelter tent, besides his gun and sixty rounds of ammunition. Altogether, it makes a load that tires out all but the veteran soldiers. The quiet and prosperous citizens of Massachusetts know not how much men *can* endure, nor how cheerfully they do it when called thereunto by stern necessity and duty. We are learning this lesson in the army, and shall not be the worse for the lesson in future years. We had been in camp for nearly three months. The boys had erected log-huts for themselves, with fire-places and chimneys, and these months had been passed in soldierly comfort. Full rations had been served out to them, and a thorough drill kept up. Good reading matter, furnished by friends at home, had given comfort and enthusiasm to the men. And so, when the order came, we started with great alacrity. We crossed the Rappahannock at Kelley's ford, thirty miles distant from our starting point, at 12 o'clock, Tuesday night. Wednesday we reached the Rapidan, crossed in the morning, and bivouacked on Thursday night on the ground where the battle of Sunday was fought.

Our army then held a camp of perhaps ten miles in circuit, and ten miles from Fredericksburg. The shortest side rested on the Rappahannock at the United States Ford, where three pontoon bridges were thrown across, over which supplies for the army were to be brought on pack mules. The other three sides were speedily and strongly intrenched. General Howard was placed with the 11th army corps to hold the plank road opposite the river, at some three to four miles from it. Meanwhile, parties were out reconnoitering, and feeling for the enemy, to find his position and strength.

On Saturday morning, May 2d, I strolled down the plank road, and entered the house which General Howard had taken as his headquarters. While there, I heard the proprietor of the house expressing fear for his son, who had gone out the day before, and had not returned. Some one asked him where his son had gone. He replied, "The General gave him a safe conduct beyond the army lines, to find the cows that had strayed away." It flashed upon me in a moment that he youth had gone to inform Jackson, who was making a forced march to reach us, where we lay, and to lead him in. From what I saw of the proprietor of the house where General Howard stopped, during the few moments I was there, I have no doubt he is a malignant rebel. Common sense would seem to require us to treat these men as enemies; at least, when placed, as we were then, in momentary expectation of a fierce encounter with a desperate foe.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon—i. e., May 2d—our Brigade, the 2d Brigade of the 2d Division, was taken off to form a junction with Gen. Birney's Division, some four miles from our camp, to intercept the enemy, supposed to be moving in that direction. As ordered, we left all our tents, and blankets, and extra clothing in camp, to move light and quick, expecting soon to return. Some two hours after we had left, we heard heavy firing. It was a sudden attack of Jackson upon the 11th army corps. It was a complete surprise. The first Brigade of our Division, under Col. Bushbeck, held the enemy in check some twenty minutes, and fought bravely. Gen. Howard did his utmost to rally the other Brigades, which had broken in wild confusion, freely exposing himself to danger, and doing all that could be done to retrieve that fatal surprise; but in vain. Our camp was taken, and with it all the clothing and tents left by our Brigade. That night, we bivouacked on a side-hill below our former position. The enemy filled and held our entrenchments and ground. A little after dusk, they began to shell us, and again there was some disgraceful running by one of the Pennsylvania Regiments; but I am glad to say that the boys of our Brigade stood their ground firmly. Indeed, in their bearing during this whole march, in danger and out of danger, our boys have shown the best of pluck; and when they are led into battle, I am sure will nobly do their duty. We had heavy guns in position, which soon silenced the enemy, and we were not again disturbed till daylight, when the battle, one of the fiercest yet fought in this war, was opened by a charge on the enemy, which resulted in regaining our old ground. Our Brigade was marched back some two miles, and drawn up in line of battle, when an attack was expected. But we did not fire a gun during the day. Our line was not assailed.

The cannonading and musketry, from daylight till between three and four o'clock, was incessant and fearful. I never heard the like before. I never conceived of such awful music. A little before four, the firing lulled. Our troops had fallen back about ten o'clock from the front line of entrenchments on the plank road to the second and stronger line, which they held firmly against all the desperate assaults of the rebels. Our artillery and rifles made awful havoc in the rebel ranks. Lee had made a forced march from the Blackwater; Jackson from Gordonsville, where he had gone to intercept Hooker; and the prisoners we took all say that Longstreet had come up with his men from the Southwest. They hurled an immense army upon our lines with tremendous energy and perseverance for eight hours. They largely outnumbered Hooker, but his entrenchments made him more than equal to them. Their loss is immense; not less, certainly, than ten thousand, and, according to all the evidence to be had, twice that. Our own loss will not exceed five thousand. I think it will be found considerably less than that.

All accounts agree that Gen. Hooker showed himself that day the bravest of the brave. It does not become me to speak as to the skill with which he handled his troops, and made his combinations. Of that, let the country judge when the official report appears. I can only say, that while John C. Fremont is my favorite of all our Generals, as the one whom I conceive to have shown the largest and truest genius in this war, I still enthusiastically believe in Joe Hooker as a great General, and thoroughly in earnest against this rebellion and its cause.

In connection with this expedition of our army, Stoneman had gone down with his cavalry force to cut the railroad between Fredericksburg and Richmond, and Fredericksburg and Gordonsville. Hooker could get no news of him. Our army at Fredericksburg, under Sedgwick, had been beaten back. Hooker was not strong enough without Sedgwick's corps to advance, and a rain, which was evidently impending, would render the roads impassable for our supplies by wagon. So it was concluded to be best, on a consultation of the corps commanders, to fall back. We started on Wednesday morning in a drenching rain, with the mud ankle deep, (it had rained all the night before,) recrossed the river, and Thursday reached our old camp again, thoroughly weary, but full of heart, and ready to advance again for Freedom and the Fatherland.

I have but a word to say in conclusion. The feeling in our regiment is admirable. The boys behaved, through all these eleven trying days, most nobly. After the raid of Saturday, we were without tents, or blankets, or overcoats, or change of underclothes. We passed two cold rainy nights, and all got chilled through, so that we could hardly keep our teeth from chattering. But we started off, and warmed up with the tramp through the mud, and all bore it bravely.

The excellent reading matter with which I have been supplied this winter has been of infinite service to the men. In their behalf, and in the name of the imperilled Fatherland, I thank the friends for this help in my work.

I have just received a letter from Gen. Saxton, from which I am led to expect a captain's commission in one of the colored regiments of South Carolina. In that case, I shall go South, and go into the fight with the Southern freedmen. This is what I wish to do. I believe God will help me there, as he has done here, to do a faithful work. At all events, I am willing to cast in my lot with the slave, and "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," with him.

Yours for the whole brotherhood,

DANIEL FOSTER.

THE FREED BLACKS AT PORT ROYAL.

Mr. Edward L. Pierce of Milton, recently government agent at Port Royal, S. C., addressed a large audience at the Tremont Temple, Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Educational Commission, giving a review of the experiments which have been tried in South Carolina and elsewhere for the improvement and elevation of the freed blacks.

He remarked at the outset that two questions present themselves in considering the subject, viz: will the freed blacks work for their living, and will they fight for their freedom? He then proceeded to show that this class of persons were similarly constituted and endowed as common men everywhere—not all being Toussaints nor Douglasses, but in their average intelligence and capacity equal to ordinary humanity as we find it. The district within which the school operations are carried on embraces the islands near Beaufort, and comprises about 170 plantations, with a negro population of 18,000. There are now 35 schools, in which are employed 45 teachers; and 2000 children, varying in age from eight to twelve years, are therein instructed in the common branches of learning. These schools are going on excellently well, and Mr. P. bears glowing tribute to Gen. Saxton, the military commander at that post, to Col. T. W. Higginson and many others who have interested themselves in this beneficent work.

The condition of affairs in respect to the education and development of the negroes was represented as being very satisfactory, and much evidence was brought forward to establish this position, some of which, where exhibitions of negro literature and slave political economy were involved, were quite ludicrous, while on the other hand there were several recitals of a very touching character.

The address was listened to with much interest. Prof. William B. Rogers presided, and introduced the speaker in a feeling and impressive manner.

DRAFTING ALIENS. President Lincoln, by a proclamation dated May 8, announces that all aliens having legally declared their intention to become citizens, must be subject to the draft if they remain here.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THF FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

The ranks of the 54th regiment having been filled, the presentation of regimental colors took place yesterday noon at their camp at Readville, and was attended with a ceremony of unusual brilliancy and effect. The morning train to Readville was not only completely filled with a numerous gathering of prominent individuals who have been interested in the formation of the regiment, but nine or ten extra passenger cars were required to accommodate the hundreds of colored persons of both sexes who have a personal interest in the 54th. The party comprised a very large number who have been prominent in the community for sympathy with the oppressed negro. Among them were Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Rev. Dr. Neale, and several noted gentlemen of the clerical and medical professions. A large number of ladies, friends of the officers, drawn in elegant turn-outs, added brilliancy to the ceremony. Altogether upward of a thousand people were present. The presentation speech was made by Gov. Andrew, who was accompanied by his military staff in uniform.

The regiment was formed in a hollow square, the distinguished persons present occupying the centre. The flags were four in number, comprising a national flag, presented by young colored ladies of Boston; a National ensign, presented by the "Colored Ladies' Relief Society;" an emblematic banner, presented by ladies and gentlemen of Boston, friends of the regiment; and a flag presented by relatives and friends of the late Lieut. Putnam. The emblematic banner was of white silk, handsomely embroidered, having on one side a figure of the Goddess of Justice, with the words "Liberty, Loyalty and Unity" around it. The fourth flag bore a cross with a blue field, surmounted with the motto, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" All were of the finest texture and workmanship.

Prayer having been offered by Rev. Mr. Grimes, Gov. Andrew presented the various flags with the following speech:

PRESENTATION SPEECH OF GOV. ANDREW.

Col. Shaw: As the official representative of the Commonwealth, and by favor of various ladies and gentlemen, citizens of the Commonwealth, and friends of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, I have the honor and the satisfaction of being permitted to join you this morning for the purpose of presenting to your regiment the National flag, the State colors of Massachusetts, and the emblematic banner which the cordial, generous and patriotic friendship of its patrons has seen fit to present to you.

Two years of experience in all the trials and vicissitudes of war, attended with the repeated exhibition of Massachusetts regiments marching from home to the scenes of strife, have left little to be said or suggested which could give the interest of novelty to an occasion like this. But, Mr. Commander, one circumstance pertaining to the composition of the 54th Regiment, exceptional in its character when compared with anything we have yet seen before, gives to this hour an interest and importance, solemn and yet grand, because the occasion marks an era in the history of the war, of the Commonwealth, of the country, and of humanity. I need not dwell upon the fact that the enlisted men constituting the rank and file of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers are drawn from a race not hitherto connected with the fortunes of the war. And yet I cannot forbear to allude to the circumstance, because I can but contemplate it for a brief moment, since it is uppermost in your thoughts, and since this regiment, which for many months has been the desire of my own heart, is present now before this vast assembly of friendly citizens of Massachusetts, prepared to vindicate by its future, as it has already begun to do by its brief history of camp life here, to vindicate in its own person and in the presence, I trust, of all who belong to it, the character, the manly character, the zeal, the manly zeal of the colored citizens of Massachusetts and of those other States which have cast their lot with ours. (Applause.)

I owe to you, Mr. Commander, and to the officers who, associated with you, have assisted in the formation of this noble corps, composed of men selected from among their fellows for fine qualities of manhood; I owe to you, sir, and to those of your associates who united with me in the original organization of this body, the heartiest and most emphatic expression of my cordial thanks. I shall follow you, Mr. Commander, your officers and your men, with a friendly and personal solicitude, to say nothing of official care, which can hardly be said of any other corps which has marched from Massachusetts. My own personal honor, if I have any, is identified with yours. I stand or fall as a man and a magistrate with the rise or fall in the history of the 54th Massachusetts regiment. [Applause.] I pledge not only in behalf of myself, but of all those whom I have the honor to represent to-day, the utmost generosity, the utmost kindness, the utmost devotion of hearty love, not only for the cause, but for you that represent it. We will follow your fortunes in the camp and in the field, with the anxious eyes of brethren and the proud hearts of citizens.

To those men of Massachusetts and of surrounding States who have now made themselves citizens of Massachusetts, I have no word to utter fit to express the emotions of my heart. These men, sir, have now, in the Providence of God, given to them an opportunity which, while it is personal to themselves, is still an opportunity for a whole race of men. (Applause.) With arms possessed of might to strike a blow, they have found breathed into their hearts an inspiration of devoted patriotism and regard for their brethren of their own color, which has inspired them with a purpose to nerve that arm, that it may strike a blow which, while it shall help to raise aloft their country's flag—*their* country's flag now as well as ours—by striking down the foes which oppose it, strikes also the last blow, I trust, needful to rend the last shackle which binds the limb of the bondman in the rebel States. (Applause.)

I know not, Mr. Commander, when in all human history, to any given thousand men in arms, there has been given a work so proud, so precious, so full of hope and glory, as the work committed to you. (Applause.) And may the infinite mercy of Almighty God attend you every hour of every day, through all the experiences and vicissitudes of that dangerous life in which you have embarked; may the God of our fathers cover your heads in the day of battle; may He shield you with the arms of everlasting power; may He hold you always most of all, first of all, and last of all, up to the highest and holiest conception of duty, so that if, on the field of stricken fight, your souls shall be delivered from the thraldom of the flesh, your spirits shall go home to God, bearing aloft the exulting thought of duty well performed, of glory and reward won even at the hands of the Angels who shall watch over you from above.

Mr. Commander:—You, sir, and most of your officers, have been carefully selected from among the most intelligent and experienced officers who have already performed illustrious service upon the field during the last two years of our national conflict. I need not say, sir, with how much confidence and with how much pride we contemplate the leadership which we know this regiment will receive at your hands. In yourself, sir, your staff and line officers, we are enabled to declare a confidence which knows no hesitation and no doubt. Whatever fortune may betide you, we know from the past that all will be done for the honor of the cause, for the protection of the flag, for the defence of the right, for the glory of your country, and for the safety and the honor of these men whom we commit to you, that shall lie either in the human heart, or brain, or arm. (Applause.)

And now, Mr. Commander, it is my most agreeable duty and high honor to hand to you, as the representation of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, the American flag, "the star-spangled banner" of the Republic. Wherever its folds shall be unfurled, it will mark the path of glory. Let its stars be the inspiration of yourselves, your officers, and your men. As the gift of the young ladies of the city of Boston to their brethren in arms, they will cherish it as the lover cherishes the recollection and fondness of his mistress; and the white stripes of its field will be red with their blood before it shall be surrendered to the foe. (Applause.)

I have also the honor, Mr. Commander, to present to you the State colors of Massachusetts—the State colors of the old Bay State, borne already by fifty-three regiments of Massachusetts soldiers, white men, thus far, now to be borne by the 54th regiment of soldiers, not less of Massachusetts than the others. Whatever may be said, Mr. Commander, of any other flag which has ever kissed the sunlight, or been borne on any field, I have the pride and honor to be able to declare before you, your regiment and these witnesses, that from the beginning up till now, the State colors of Massachusetts have never been surrendered to any foe. (Cheers.) The 54th now holds in possession this sacred charge in the performance of their duties as citizen soldiers. You will never part with that flag so long as a splinter of the staff, or a thread of its web remains within your grasp. (Applause.) The State colors are presented to the 54th, by the Relief Society composed of colored ladies of Boston.

And now let me commit to you this splendid emblematic banner. It is prepared for your acceptance by a large and patriotic committee representing many others beside ladies and gentlemen of Boston, to whose hearty sympathy and powerful coöperation and aid much of the success which has hitherto attended the organization of this regiment is due. The Goddess of Liberty, erect in beautiful guise and form, liberty, loyalty and unity are the emblems it bears. The Goddess of Liberty shall be the lady-love whose fair presence shall inspire your hearts; Liberty, Loyalty, Unity, the watch-words in the fight.

And now, Mr. Commander, the sacred, holy cross representing passion, the highest heroism, I scarcely dare to trust myself to present to you. It is the emblem of Christianity. I have parted with the emblems of the State, of the Nation; heroic, patriotic emblems they are—dear, inexpressibly dear, to all our hearts; but now, "*In hoc signo vinces,*" the cross which represents the passion of our Lord, I now dare to pass into your soldier hands; for we are fighting now a battle not merely for country, not merely for humanity, not only for civilization, but for the religion of our Lord itself. When this cause shall ultimately fail, if ever failure at the last shall be possible, it will only fail when the last patriot, the last philanthropist, and the last Christian shall have tasted death, and left no descendants behind them upon the soil of Massachusetts. (Applause.)

This flag, Mr. Commander, has connected with its history the most touching and sacred memory. It comes to your regiment from the mother, sister, friends, family relatives of one of the dearest and noblest soldier boys of Massachusetts. I need not utter the name of Lieut. Putnam, in order to excite in every heart the tenderest emotions of fond regard, or the strongest feeling of patriotic fire. May you, sir, and these, follow not only on the field of battle, but in all the walks and ways of life in camp, and hereafter, when on returning peace you shall resume the more quiet and peaceful duties of citizens, may you but follow the splendid example, the sweet devotion mingled with manly, heroic character, of which the life, character, and death of Lieut. Putnam was one example. How many more there are we know not, the record is not yet complete; but, oh! how many there are of these Massachusetts sons who, like him, have tasted death for this immortal cause! Inspired by such examples, fired by the heat and light of love and faith which illumined and warmed these heroic and noble hearts, may you, sir, and these march on to glory, to victory, and to every honor! This flag I present to you, Mr. Commander, and your regiment. *In hoc signo vinces.*

RESPONSE OF COL. SHAW.

Your Excellency: We accept these flags with feelings of deep gratitude. They will remind us not only of the cause we are fighting for and of our country, but of the friends we have left behind us who have thus far taken so much interest in this regiment, and who we know will follow us in our career. Though the greater number of men in this regiment are not Massachusetts men, I know there is not one who will not be proud to fight and serve under our flag. May we have an opportunity to show that you have not made a mistake in entrusting the honor of the State to a colored regiment—the first State that has sent one to the war!

I am very glad to have this opportunity to thank the officers and men of the regiment for their untiring fidelity and devotion to their work from the very beginning. They have shown that sense of the importance of our undertaking, without which we should hardly have attained our end. (Applause.)

At the conclusion of Col. Shaw's remarks, the colors were borne to their place in the line by the guard, and the regiment was reviewed by the Governor. The regiment will join Gen. Hunter's command, in South Carolina, as soon as transportation can be arranged.—*Boston Journal of Tuesday.*

SLAVE CASE IN THE WASHINGTON SUPREME COURT.

WASHINGTON, May 18. A fugitive slave case, pending in the Supreme Court for this district, excites much interest. Chief Justice Carter to-day said that it was not for this tribunal to review the decisions already pronounced by superior courts, and the practice of both the Executive and Legislative departments as to the constitutionality of the law. That is settled. This institution of slavery, this madness arbitrarily to control men, involves the nation's life-struggle, and has sent some of the best men of the country to premature graves; but the case will be executed, because it is the bond; and, further, no man can be arrested and sent back to a disloyal master. The men who own this property are apparently dead to the love of country, and would give it for a negro, although there are honorable exceptions. It is not to be disguised, that the blood now shed is on the altar of this institution.

Associate Justice Wylie said he issued the warrant by which the party was arrested, namely, a fugitive from Maryland, and put him in prison to await his return to his master. If a writ of *Habeas Corpus* was sued out and brought before the court, and upon this there had been discussion for several days, he could not concur with the Chief Justice. Although he (Wylie) had issued the warrant, he had since come to the conclusion that he had no authority to do so, and that the party ought to be discharged. The fugitive slave law, he said, was applicable only to the States.

Associate Justice Olin said that his conviction was that all the power possessed by the former Circuit Court had been transferred to this Supreme new Court. Under the former, the Chief Justice of the District was the designated executive or ministerial officer. Apart from judicial conduct, he desired these points to be further discussed. This was agreed to, and Wednesday next was set apart for the purpose.

These three Judges concur on the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law, but the question to be determined upon is whether the court is clothed with power to act in the premises.

DEATH OF THE REBEL GENERAL JACKSON. A Richmond paper gives full accounts of the wounding, death, and funeral of Jackson, the former leaving no doubt that the wound was inflicted by a mistake of their own men. One of his aids was killed, another wounded, and two couriers killed. Jackson was struck by three balls in the left arm and hand. This occurred after dark on Saturday evening. He had given orders to fire at anything coming up the road. Before he left the lines, Federal skirmishers approached ahead of him, and he turned to ride back.

Just then some one cried, "Cavalry, charge!" and the rebel regiment fired. The result is as stated above. The funeral is said to have been a most tumultuous outburst of mourning. It was attended by President Davis and cabinet, and all the members of the State, Confederate and City Governments, and an immense throng of citizens. The body lay in state at the capitol until the morning of the 13th, when it was sent to Lexington. A statue of Jackson is to be erected in the capitol.

FAST DAY IN WASHINGTON. "Our Fast gave occasion for some tremendous preaching *re.* Slavery. Dr. Channing, for one, saying as scathing things as language could furnish. But the great sermon of the day was Dr Sunderland. He has the largest audience-room in Washington. It was packed. He tore open the very bowels of slavery and its workings. Wasn't it horrid! This in Washington, D. C. No mob! No disturbance! On the contrary, at the most biting philippics against slavery, twice the great audience, forgetting that it was a Presbyterian sanctuary, unmindful that the Rev. Dr. might be greatly shocked, and evidently excited by the exasperating language of the preacher, who was plainly himself much excited, under these circumstances, the entire audience 'brought down the house,' or the Doctor did—with applause. The sermon is to be printed."—*Corr. N. Y. Independent.*

PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO REGIMENT. Very cheering accounts continue to be received from the West. A letter from Helena, Ark., 28th ult., to the St. Louis *Democrat*, says:—

The most interesting subjects now, however, are the fall of Vicksburg and the organization of the negro brigade. Of the former, there seems to be a better prospect than ever before; and the latter promises, with energy and tact, to be a signal success. The organization of one regiment is now about complete, and *their drill's are the marvel of the day.*

* The following is an extract from an order recently issued by Adjutant General Thomas, at Helena: "One of the duties of the regiments of *African descent* will be to secure abandoned cotton, and have it conveyed to the levees for shipment to the Quartermaster at Memphis, Tenn. Accordingly, all officers of such troops will see to the execution of this order, and the Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation for such purpose, &c."

RETALIATION FOR NEGRO SOLDIERS. Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, has publicly declared that Mr. Stanton has plainly though impliedly promised that the colored soldiers of the United States shall be treated and protected as well as their white fellow-soldiers. This means that if Davis executes his threat of killing all negroes taken in arms, he will retaliate. But it does not prove that it will be done. Such murders have been perpetrated, and no retaliation has been inflicted.

GEN. BANKS GROWS STRINGENT. Gen. Banks is establishing himself in the Red River Country. He has ordered all registered enemies out of the department. On his way up from Brashear City, he found that the rebels had been arranging to press into their service all the negroes in that region; on which he forbade the sheriffs to transact the business on pain of military punishment, and declaring free all negroes who should follow the flag of the United States. This is all right so far. *Now let Gen. Banks enforce his good orders.* It is in this that he is likely to fail.

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN NASHVILLE. The Nashville *Union* says the growth of the Union Club in that city has been greatly increased since the adoption of the celebrated anti-slavery declaration. Previous to that time, the applications for membership averaged about twenty-two per week for four weeks; since that time, the applications have numbered forty per week. Slaveholders who have never been suspected of harboring a thought adverse to the "divine institution," have come forward and avowed their firm conviction that the system was an unmitigated curse, and incompatible with our government.

"WATCH MEETING—WAITING FOR THE HOUR—DECEMBER 31, 1862." Mr. WILLIAM T. CARLTON, a meritorious artist of this city, has just completed an original sketch of a group of some thirty slave figures, who are represented as anxiously waiting for the Proclamation which shall make them forever free. The time selected is midnight—the central figure (a venerable preacher or patriarch) holding in his right hand a watch, indicating five minutes of twelve—the promised hour! It is a striking picture, artistically conceived and executed, to be carefully studied and analyzed, and replete with feeling and sentiment. Photographic copies will be on sale Anniversary Week, at the usual places of sale of engraved photographs, and at the Anti-Slavery Office. Price $1.00. We shall give a more minute description of it next week. We hope it will find an extensive sale.

YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

The Religious Society of Progressive Friends will hold its Eleventh Yearly Meeting at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., commencing on Fifth-day (Thursday), the 4th of Sixth month (June), 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing two or three days.

The Progressive Friends are not associated upon any theological or ecclesiastical basis, but attracted by a common desire to promote their own moral and spiritual improvement, and to labor for the promotion among mankind of whatsoever things are just, beneficent and pure. It is their aim to maintain freedom of inquiry, thought and speech; to be hospitable to new ideas, proving all things and holding fast that which is good; to deliver themselves and others from the benumbing power of superstition, sectarianism and priestcraft; to open their hearts freely to all Divine and ennobling inspirations, giving heed to the spirit more than to the letter; and to exert their whole moral influence, as individuals and as an association, for the overthrow of every system of injustice and fraud, and the upbuilding of all that tends to promote the highest welfare of the human family.

The measure of success which has attended our labors as a Religious Society during the last ten years, to say nothing of the great enjoyment we have had in them, encourages us to persevere in the good work. And now when our country is involved in all the disasters and perils of a bloody struggle for the overthrow of slavery and the preservation of free institutions, the duty of laboring for the diffusion of the principles on which our association is founded seems more than ever imperative. We therefore invite all who cherish those principles to meet and co-operate with us.

Oliver Johnson,	Mary Lundy Barnard,
Jennie K. Smith,	Theodore Tilton,
William Barnard,	Hannah Cox,
Mary P. Wilson,	Sarah M. Barnard,
Maria Agnew,	Edwin H. Coates,
Henry M. Smith,	Susanna P. Chambers,
Dinah Mendenhall,	Allen Agnew,
Alfred H. Love,	Annie M. Stambach, M. D.

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society will be held on TUESDAY EVENING, May 26th, at 7 o'clock, in TREMONT TEMPLE. Speakers—Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York; Rev. Merrill Richardson, of Worcester; Rev. Gilbert Haven, of Malden. Singing by the choir of Rev. L. A. Grimes's church.

By the Secretary, HENRY T. CHEEVER.

INFIDEL CONVENTION.

The Infidel Association of America will hold its Annual Convention on the day and evening of WEDNESDAY, May 27th, 1863, at Mercantile Hall, Summer Street, Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Friends of the cause are respectfully invited to attend. Good speakers are expected.

Per order of the Executive Central Committee,

J. M. BECKET, *Sec'y.*

☞ EMANCIPAT

Poetry.

EXTRACT FROM "THE SONG OF SLAVES."

Hang thy sword upon the wall,
And let it rust for shame;
There is no longer right or truth,
Nor honor is, nor fame.
Since love hath lost its faith,
And justice is a lie,
What matters it to live?
Yet what avails to die?
We are shackled unto graves,
And unto life are thrall;
We are knaves, and less than knaves—
We are slaves, slaves all!

* * * *

States prey on paltry States,
The cannibal self on self;
The Bedlamitish peoples wild
With folly and with pelf;
Religion without soul,
The tabernacle taint,
And Slavery is divine,
The devil is a saint!
Raise up the gods of old,
Moloch and Belial,
Idolaters and knaves
And slaves, slaves all!

Weep, weep the heart's decay,
The lost romance of youth,
And nature's neighborhood to man,
Lost atmosphere of truth.
Weep! the unfruitful weed
Is bitter to the root,
And man, a menial unto man,
His brother makes a brute.
Weep this inhuman life,
So barren, gross and small:
Oh! better far the martyr's death
Than suicidal thrall!

Anon the people cry:
"We have sold ourselves to shame;
We have bartered of our brothers' blood,
And made our manhood tame;
Like children, flung away
An empire for a toy,—
Cowards, have parted with our strength,
And sold our weal and joy.
War at the threshold stands
For peace that mocks our thrall;
We were giants—we are babes—
We are slaves, slaves all!"

* * * *

Something more than Church
And better than the State,
Moulds the commonwealth of man,
And turns the wheel of fate.
'Tis freedom, man, and God,
And nature, kin-allied;
Lose this, and lose thy soul,—
What is the world beside?
'Tis the outlaw Truth that guards
State and city, fane and wall,
More than statesman, more than priest,
More than chief or general.

And when revolution comes,
Crisis in the roll of fate,
Let the outlaw be thy law,
And the battle shall be great.
Take all the right thou hast
For all that wrong can be;
Advance, advance, and live with truth,
Or truth shall bury thee!
For must wing the cherubim,
Must the reptile crawl;
From Progression's righteous law
Who would lapse must fall.

* * * *

Who binds, shall thus be bound;
The slaver shall be slaved;
Who raises, shall himself arise;
The saver shall be saved.
For man is one with man,
And man by man must gain,
And his best self's his brother's own,
Or else the creeds are vain;
And the gospel true is man,
Else is not God at all;
Else are we knaves, and worse than knaves,
And slaves, slaves all!

O People! see and hear!
The letters are of fire,
The words are thunder, and the voice
God's want and man's desire.
It vexeth the just Heaven
To hear the tory prate;
It vexeth the high Truth
To hear the traitor rate—
Peace! hypocritic peace!
They bate with evil breath!
Peace! 'tis the serpent's hiss,
And the sting is death.

Arise, O God! Arise, O God,
And let thy judgment fall,
Ere we be babes, ere we be knaves,
Ere stand the innumerable braves
As cowards on their fathers' graves,
And slaves, slaves all! KANE O'DONNEL.

From the New York Independent.

MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.*

Know'st thou, oh slave-cursed land!
How, when the Chian's cup of guilt
Was full to overflow, there came
God's justice in the sword of flame
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's hand!

The heavens are still and far;
But, not unheard of awful Jove,
The sighing of the island slave
Was answered, when the Ægean wave
The keels of Mithridates clove,
And the vines shriveled in the breath of war.

"Robbers of Chios! hark,"
The victor cried, "to Heaven's decree!
Pluck your last cluster from the vine,
Drain your last cup of Chian wine,
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall be
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling dark!"

Then rose the long lament
From dusk Delphinium's holy caves;
The priestess rent her hair, and cried,
"Woe! woe! The gods are sleepless-eyed!"
And, chained and scourged, the slaves of slaves,
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"
So Hellas sang her taunting song,
"The fisher in his net is caught,
The Chian hath his master bought,"
And isle from isle, with laughter long,
Took up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years
Bring their avenging cycle round,
And, more than Hellas taught of old,
Our wiser lesson shall be told,
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,
To break, not wield, the scourge wet with their blood and tears. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

* It is recorded by Nicolas, the Peripatetic, that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villany of the Chians the proverb arose: "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

LINES.

Though fallen on stricken field they lie,
Or blacken on the gallows-tree,
Freedom! thy dead can never die,
Because they died for thee:
Their names are written on the sky,
And all the tongues of land and sea
Repeat the holy syllables
To all futurity.

Philadelphia. JOHN A. DOUGAN.

The Liberator.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH.
A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST FRUITS.

Never, in the history of any civilized nation, did a year open with more discouraging, threatening aspect for the cause of civilization, than marked the advent of eighteen hundred sixty-one in the great American Republic. Ignominy was receiving the last smouldering embers of an administration made too contemptible by imbecility to suggest the idea of impeachment, although not a moon waxed and waned through the four years' midnight that did not witness flagrant omissions in complicity with villanous commissions, that, by the express provisions of a violated and trampled Constitution, rendered the pitiful occupant of the Chief-Executive chair thus liable. At last, as a swaling, ineffectual farthing-candle, wasted to the socket, suddenly darts one vivid, expiring gleam upward from its uselessness and impurity; so out of his maudlin impotence shot upward that solitary aspiration, the only recognition of the Divine Power that quaternion had witnessed, and a Nation is called to "fasting, humiliation and prayer." Yet, through all the solemn meditations and plausible utterances of that day, the sincere soul heard ever the prophet's voice—"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

Yes, while the lawless hands of his banditti have already grasped Forts Pulaski, Jackson and Macon, and the Arsenals at Savannah and Fayetteville, packed at his connivance with thefts from those stores he had sworn to protect; at the very moment those hands are outstretched for Fort Morgan and the Arsenal at Mobile, he stands, tottering, at the head of a divided, bewildered, outwitted people, shouting, "Lord! Lord!" for their responses, in the tones of a guilty, frightened school-boy—thus covering the burglar-bustle and the temporary stir of resistance. In eight days from the time of that Christ-mocking service, eleven Forts, four Arsenals, one Navy Yard, and one government Steamer, had been seized by the organized banditti, and another Steamer, on national duty, insulted by their assault. Twelve days later, the sympathizers and abettors of these monstrous depredations, *in Boston*, conspire to break up a meeting in Tremont Temple, whose only object is an uncompromising assertion and maintenance of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and consequent opposition to views which have legitimately resulted in measures such as are already recorded; and this city does not furnish sufficient force on the side of its nominal civil code to prevent this encroachment of the sentiments of the distant oligarchy on the rights of its own free citizens. "Sympathizers and abettors! That to *us*, respectable Bostonians! Put our loyalty to the test, and see whether we are amenable to such a charge." "He that is not against us is on our part," said one who "knew what was in man." If that be true of good, it is equally true of evil. Loyalty? What *is* loyalty? The universally accepted lexicographer of the age says,—"*Fidelity to a sovereign.*" Name the "sovereign" ruler of this land to whom such "fidelity" is due. THE PEOPLE. What is it to be loyal, then, in that territory which stretches from the Lakes to the Gulf—from ocean to ocean? Ponder thy reply, respectable Bostonian, while I still pass along the links in the historic chain of illustration.

Do I hear some one say, "On with the story of those loves you have undertken to adjust, and leave these prosy considerations for the historian"? Pardon me, friend, I cannot do so. *I* am the historian by virtue of being the biographer. Hearts as well as heads and hands afford the material of the record. Each individual life is a leaf, or twig, or flower, or thorn, on the great tree of History—an essential and vital part. I told you in my last chapter, and you agreed with me, how essential even a grain of pollen is.

The winter wears away, while a divided, bewildered, outwitted people are still speculating where this will end. War? Impossible! Such suicidal madness of ingratitude can never be. They will see, when the new administration is established in power, that their peculiar interests are not ignored. In our choice of a Chief Magistrate, we catered for them, merging much of our own abstract conviction of right, as we have always done, to conciliate them. Conciliated they of course will be when they come to apprehend this. War? Impossible! This the tone of sentiment and expression, because the many dared not yet look so deeply as to find the *cause* of these premonitory earthquake heavings. "It is a few agitators at the North, and a few extremists at the South. Silence the former by the knotted scourge of popular disfavor; the latter by considerate kindness and careful heed of their wishes—all shall yet be well."

Great God! They will not hear thy voice in the voices of these Northern agitators—those apostles of thy Gospel of Freedom; they will not see thy avenging menace in those demonstrations of evil. What shall awaken them from this fatal torpor? What brings to the surface the inanimate forms of those who have been fatally submerged? Let the cannon boom above their watery bed.

The twelfth of April the bombardment of Fort Sumter begins! Lo, they arise—those twenty millions! They stand side by side. One thought thrills, one impulse fires, one idea unites, one sentiment impels. TO ARMS! It *is war!* War for what? For the sacred Flag—so dear to eye and heart; made more sacred by the consecrating prayer of the brave, pious Anderson. Yes, it is war for the insulted Flag. But it will not be a matter of much moment. Seventy-five thousand men shall rescue and retrieve all before the anniversary of the first ordinance of secession. No doubt this well might be, if the grievance were *only* an insulted Flag!

Massachusetts is the first to spring forward, aye, and arms flashing in the strange, new day; the first to pour the costly cup of sacrificial communion. She keeps the anniversary of her infant baptism of blood on the first slavery-tainted soil her mailed foot treads. Symbolic of her mission to cleanse as she goes, until the whole land is regenerated by the vicarious atonement she so nobly begins. Hamlet and sea-board receive the midnight summons, and day-dawn sees the martial array *en route*—not for festive parade and amateur drill, but for *actual conflict*. Cheeks are pale, but not through fear, for eyes glow with strength and determination above them; words falter with eagerness, only—eagerness to be the *first* to strike for the flag—the *first* to enter the menaced capital. Sublime spectacle! Another blossoming all through the valleys, and up the steeps, and above the city thoroughfares; the efflorescence of patriotism, to be followed by the fruits of FREEDOM FOR ALL. Not now do they know it—scholars, craftsmen, merchants, manufacturers, artists, agriculturists, the native-born and the naturalized, all stepping in one hour from their niches of peaceful industry into the ranks of citizen-soldiers! Not now do they know or dream it. The flag is their inspiration, guide and end; seventy-five thousand of these high-souled young braves will do the work! Move on, gallant pioneers—the glory of the *beginning* shall be yours, through all time. Move on—dare to die—rescue the beautiful and beloved banner! Rescue it from WHAT? When your ranks are decimated by traitor bullets, and the remnant again decimated by malaria; when black badges abound where brilliant bunting now floats; when the stirring quick-step of advance is exchanged for Pleyel's Hymn and the minute-gun, *and the end is not yet*; then shall added numbers ask with the now rare few—Rescued from WHAT? And as hundreds of thousands move forward in obedience to the new summons, from a deeper stratum of thought and conviction, the less decided but more encouraging watchword is given—*Constitution—Union—Laws.* Again these are decimated by disaster and disease. The best blood of the North saturates Southern soil—the bones of her bravest are steeped in it, where, in heaps, they are imbedded; not a household but has its vacant seat, at board and fire-side, and its treasured photograph of one that sank in the trenches, or dropped by the wayside, or fell on the field, or went down with his vessel and her flying Flag! Genius, gallantry, gold, have been poured like swollen rivers into the craving vortex, and *the end is not yet.* From a still deeper stratum of thought and conviction comes, now, the still timid inquiry—Rescued from WHAT?

A voice from the extreme East told you, in the first months of the outbreak, when a servile press dared not indorse that manly, unanswerable argument, "The Main-spring of the Rebellion." The General to whom the Future of this Republic still emphatically points the present, told you, from the wide West, in that temporarily cancelled Proclamation, which is yet to become to the Nation in arms what the Flag was to the first Volunteers—guide, inspiration, end. Butler told you—first, at Fortress Monroe, where his keen intellect was brought over to the side of truth by the irresistible logic of events; subsequently at New Orleans, where he dared to represent the majesty and might of a Government which shall yet know no compromise with evil. Banks told you, when the little bond-girl rode to freedom on the instrument of that power slavery itself invoked. Phelps has reiterated the answer, and Hunter gloriously asserted it, again and again; never more potently than in his arrest of the recreant Massachusetts Colonel, to whose restoration Massachusetts influence never should have ministered.

Never, until public sentiment, and administrative policy, and executive enactment, and military edict and enterprise, find themselves at this profoundest stratum of vital conviction, will the desolating discipline have an end. FREEDOM FOR ALL is the only battle-cry to victory for this people; and as educators to this only safe, only certain, only God-allied basis of action, we should gratefully accept our fields of slaughter, our dark defeats, our weary waiting and prodigal waste. Fitting and beautiful it was that the Flag should lead the way; most fitting and beautiful will it be when that magnificent banner floats, with equal significance, over the sacred resting-places, *everywhere*, of those who fell in its defence; when it bathes in the sunshine above the dome of a Capitol within whose walls are assembled, from East and West, from North and South, the representatives of *Equal Rights for All!*

God, in his mercy, bring speedily the convictions that shall lead to this. But, until then, be the scabbard "left where our martyrs are laid," while the sword still flashes on its mission of Life through Death. To this generation has been committed the solemn, sublime privilege of atoning for the Past by suffering for the Future. Spare not one throb of pain, one moan of anguish, one hour of dreary loneliness and destitution, one throe of mortal labor, one priceless gift from the treasures of affection—spare not, grudge not, whatever is needful for the majestic issue. To live *here* a little longer—what is it? TO LIVE is the great obligation; as individuals, to live forever in the sunlight of the Divine favor; as a generation, to have an undying place in the grateful memories of the race of man.

On, then, with the surging shock of battle, since by the awful logic of such events, alone, conviction and conversion can come. Tamper not with the terrible enginery; trifle not with the molten moments. While we question, Opportunity speeds onward, and the omnipotent Now is drained of its power and shorn of its immortality by the uncertain *Yet-to Be.*

Massachusetts was the first to spring forward—she will be the last to retire. In her first phalanxes of youthful valor was found no braver than Edgar Horton. His young, prophet eye darted through the confused, uncertain, blood-tracked vista to the end. He was brave from temperament and youth, but, better yet, he was invincible from faith and hope. He knew one stroke would not annihilate the monster, and he was girded and sandalled for wilderness and desert marches; armed to do battle with all the giants of Amalek and Bashan—for his was to be the Promised Land. He might never see it with the earthly eye; his fleshly foot might never tread the soil recovered from the heathen. Be it so—some must fall, many must fall; why not he? None the less the recovered Land would be his, for it would be Humanity's. This thought fired rather than repressed enthusiasm; and with a patriotism as pure, and lofty, and disinterested as it is possible for man to know, the young soldier rushed to his post of duty and danger.

Once he had burned with a zeal to speak Clara's word to the world, in her stead; now the opportunity was his—to speak in language that could not be misapprehended. The thought of her—no, of her cause—should inspire him. Perhaps in her distant place of refuge, his name and deeds would sometimes meet her eye—and—

"Forgive me, Effie, dear—this is very beautiful, and just what I wanted." Effie started and thrilled and blushed as that term of endearment met her ear. He had remained so long abstractedly looking at the exceedingly pretty, well-furnished housewife she had made for him—the silence had been embarrassing to her, for she had felt that she had no share in it.

It could not be known to her—it had better not be known to her—that they were seated just where he and Clara had been the night before her illness began. It could not be known to her that Edgar Horton was schooling himself, religiously, to erase one image from his heart, and photograph another there by the sunrays of a new affection; schooling himself to reciprocate that guileless love her, Effie's, unconscious manners so touchingly made manifest. Would he succeed? Effie sometimes felt that he loved her—he had never said so in words—then, suddenly, in his presence, the inspiration would drop out of emotion as it dropped out of her song one day. Now he had come to say a parting word on the eve of such a departure; there he was beside her, in person, yet not there.

Intelligence had been received that the stern Canadian winter had acted unfavorably on the delicate frame of the object of so great interest at the Cottage. This intelligence had been communicated to the young Volunteer in his leave-taking with the Misses Williams, and prepared him for being unusually susceptible to the painful memories of the place where he now sat with Effie. Too manly for dissimulation, he must have time to rally in reality before he could be companionship for any but his own thoughts. He did rally, at last, to the entire satisfaction of the sensitive girl. The thought of Clara—her trials—the cruel banishment, for safety, to an uncongenial climate, should keep will and arm unfalteringly nerved. The thought of Effie—her budding, beautiful affection—her dependence, for life itself perhaps, on a congenial heart, should be the genial pillow of rest when weary with toil or harassed with care.

They parted with no promise but to write often. "When shall we see you again?" asked the maiden, while blushes drank the tears.

"When my country is *free*, dear Effie."

It was a charming tableau—the leave-taking. He stood in his spirited beauty, enhanced by the military garb and badge of office, his strong, clear eye glowing and lip smiling upon the lovely, blushing, tearful maiden at his side.——Reader, arrange the attitude to your liking, so that it be tender but unimpassioned. How many such this war has witnessed!

CONTRABANDS. There are 10,000 contrabands in Washington at present. Since June last, 4860 contrabands had been cared for, and situations provided for 3000; about 700 have died, and about 1000 remain in camp, mostly women, children, and men too old or feeble to work. At Alexandria there are 3000 contrabands at present. About 800 have died since they began to assemble there.

REV. DR. CHEEVER
ON THE INSPIRATION AND INFALLIBILITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

CRITIQUE BY REV. L. A. SAWYER.

MR. EDITOR—I beg leave to call attention to a sermon in the *Principia* of Jan. 29, by Rev. Dr. Cheever, on the inspiration and infallibility of the Scriptures. The doctrine of the sermon is, that "There is in the Scriptures a security from error; that in our conclusions by right interpretation from them, we *cannot err*; and that they can be taken as an infallible guide." This doctrine is inferred from Mark 12: 24. Do you not err because you know not the Scriptures? "This inference," it is said, "agrees with what is declared in every part of the Scriptures; the belief in them required of us is a belief in their perfect and infallible truth and certainty; the belief in them is a belief in God, and the same confidence that is required in God. There is, therefore, an *infallible* record from the Almighty. It [the Bible] must be either the word of God or man; if it is the word of God, it must be infallible; the possibility of error is the impossibility of its being God's word. Those who deny the divine inspiration of the Pentateuch make it a monstrosity of superhuman lying. The infallible witness of inspiration is the Lord Jesus. They who deny the inspiration of the Pentateuch make Christ the greatest of all liars. This is the question, whether Christ be the true witness, or Voltaire or Strauss, or a feebler representative of an imitative English school of skepticism. In the light of the testimony of Christ, how stands the skepticism of those who have affirmed that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch, for that the art of writing was not then known?"

We have here the common doctrine of the character of the Scriptures, and a disparagement of the hypothesis that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch. Neither the doctrines nor proofs are peculiar to Dr. Cheever; they are accepted and used by Christian ministers quite generally for the instruction of the people. I beg leave to examine the main assumption, and to show that it is entirely false.

The main assumption is, that the Scriptures are the word of God, and that they must be perfectly correct, because from him. This claim is not set up for different parts of the Scriptures, part by part, but for the whole *en masse*, the Old Testament and New, and every part of the Old Testament and New.

When reduced to its simplest form, and the syllogism completed, the argument stands thus:

1. Communications from God must be true, without any admixture of error.
2. The Scriptures are all from God.
3. Therefore, the Scriptures are all true, without any admixture of error.

In a properly constructed syllogism, if the major and minor premises are both true, the conclusion is true, and cannot be resisted. How is it with this? Are the major and minor premises both true? The major premise asserts that communications from God must be true, without any admixture of error. This proceeds on the principle, that it is impossible for God to lie, and is universally admitted. It is deemed self-evident; or if it requires proof, the considerations which prove it are so obvious, that they cannot fail to arrest the attention of the inquirer. The minor premise, that the Scriptures are all from God, requires proof. Dr. Cheever does not have them from God, nor do any who read his sermon. We have them from man. This is true of English translations, of copies in the original languages, and of the oldest and most venerable manuscripts. These are all from men, and not only so, they are all from fallible men, in whose behalf no claim of infallible inspiration is pretended to up. Nothing can be plainer, therefore, than the incorrectness of Dr. Cheever's argument. His minor premise is false; the Scriptures, as they come into our hands, are from fallible men; and not from the infallible God. If we alter the argument in conformity with this fact, and accommodate the conclusion to the premises, it will stand thus:

1. Communications received from men are liable to be untrue and erroneous.
2. The Bible is a communication received from men.
3. Therefore, the Bible is liable to be untrue and erroneous.

If we come to particular copies, ancient or modern, the nature of this argument is still more manifest.

1. Books received from men are subject to incorrectness and error.
2. Hahn's Hebrew Bible, published at Leipsic, Germany, in 1834: this particular copy on hand is from men.
3. Therefore, this book is subject to incorrectness and error.

If God would be pleased to revise the Scriptures after all human critics, and put *his imprimatur* on their title-page, or in the preface, certifying their freedom from error, we should have reason to consider them free from error; but man's revision cannot make them perfect.

Our present Bibles are subject to two classes of imfections:

1. Some imperfections have arisen from the changes of transcribers correcting the text of the originals. 2. Translations are still further imperfect, from the errors of translators. Perfect translations are known to be impossible.

The original sacred books have all perished; those in the possession of Christendom are only remote copies of them, without any certificate of correctness; they are known to be imperfect, and to represent the originals imperfectly.

The authors of the sacred books were men, and therefore fallible; many of them, perhaps all, were good men, but wise and good men are fallible; their works therefore are not infallible. If any doubt this, let us go back to the originals, and ask if there is any evidence that they were from God, and therefore free from human imperfection and error. They were published, book by book, in different and successive ages, countries and languages. Did the first publishers in any case pretend that their books were from God? Did they exhibit any proof to support such pretension? So far as history informs us, not one of the sacred books was claimed to be from God by the publisher, or at the time of its publication. This claim is of later date.

God has providentially given the Bible as he has light and heat, and all other books and things. In that sense, it is from him, and corresponds with his own infinite perfection. His light is perfect, his heat is perfect; his apple-trees and fig-trees are perfect, as are their fruits; and equally perfect are his briars and thorns, and his Bible. But it does not follow from this that the Bible is a perfect record of facts, nor that its fiction is fact, or its allegory history; still less does it follow that its Pentateuch was written by Moses, or its antediluvian history by Shem, or its pre-Abrahamic and Abrahamic history by Issac. To give them reasonable credibility as narratives of facts, the different parts of these books ought to be transcripts from books written as early as the times above indicated.

To make Jesus Christ the infallible witness of inspiration is of a piece with the rest of Dr. Cheever's logic. Has Jesus Christ ever testified before Dr. Cheever on the subject? Has he ever been before the courts of Christendom? This will not be claimed. Did Jesus Christ leave a record of his judgment on the subject? Never. Was any record made of his testimony on the subject during his life? None. Have we any authentic record of his teachings from those who heard him? None. None of the Gospels are subscribed and proved to be the works of the authors whose names they bear; *testimony* must be *proved*. It cannot be depended upon, if unproved. Jesus Christ, according to Dr. Cheever, is the infallible witness of inspiration, and he has an abundance of his testimony, but it neither has *his subscription*, nor that of the writers to whom it is ascribed, nor is it proved to be his by evidence which would establish a man's title to a pair of shoes. If Dr. Cheever wishes to produce Jesus Christ's testimony to prove a fact, let him prove it; till it is proved, it is inadmissible, it constitutes no part of the evidence on which the question can be decided, but is a part of the matter to be proved. It does not require a multiplication of words to settle this question, it requires evidence; if that is on hand, the question can be settled in favor of the infallibility theory; if not, the reverse must prevail.

The inspirationists seem to imagine that they have a monopoly of piety and virtue; and a rejection of their conclusions is *skepticism*, and makes God a liar. We reject their conclusions, because we find them built on false premises. Moses and Christ we know, and God we acknowledge, but Dr. Cheever's logic we condemn and repudiate. We believe in Moses by believing whatever authentic information history has preserved of him; we believe in Christ on the same solid grounds. To believe them, we account faith; to believe more than this, we account credulity. To the same extent we believe Dr. Cheever. When he lays himself out to support the truth, we honor him; when he allows himself to be led captive by prevailing errors, we protest against his errors, both as unworthy of him and injurious to the precious cause of man's redemption and enlightenment.

We take the liberty to suggest to inspirationists that they change their tone, and, instead of assuming to have a monopoly of Christian faith, denouncing those who differ from them as skeptics, and stigmatizing their beliefs as skepticism, that they be content to call things by their right names, and admit other beliefs to be equally *faiths* with their own.

GREAT MEETING AT SHILOH CHURCH.

One of the largest meetings held in New York took place at Shiloh Church, on Monday evening, April 27. Every seat in that large edifice was filled, and many were obliged to stand during the whole proceedings.

Rev. H. H. Garnet, on motion of Mr. Robert Hamilton, was called to preside; and the Rev. John T. Raymond, Rev. Mr. Lynch, and Messrs. Martin Wells and Peter P. Simons were elected Vice Presidents; and the Rev. H. A. Thompson and George T. Downing, Esq., were chosen Secretaries.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Thompson; after which, the Chairman, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced Mr. Frederick Douglass, who, after announcing the object of the meeting to be to get recruits for the Massachusetts 54th, spoke mainly as follows:—

The time for resolutions has past, and the time for blows has come. We have done well in talking, but are we now as well prepared to fight for liberty? There was never a better opportunity than is now offered to the colored men of the United States to strike for liberty and country; never a better time to take their stand as men than the present moment. There are now 800 brave colored men at Camp Meigs, Readville, Mass., ready to go forth and help crush out this rebellion, which will never fall until it is knocked on the head by black brigades. (Cheers.) Massachusetts has authority to send regiments, brigades, or even divisions, if she can raise them, to the field. They are to be treated in all respects as white soldiers are treated. He briefly alluded to the struggles of Poland, Hungary, and other European peoples, for freedom and independence, and contrasted their inducements and efforts with those presented to colored men in this country in the present struggle. He gave as reasons for enlisting, the detestation of "Copperheads" to see colored men in uniform. Another reason, to disprove the stigma of cowardice cast upon them; and the unity and preservation of this government intact for the oppressed of all nations and colors demand that black men enlist. But another reason exists in the retribution which, as a race, they owe to the slaveholders who have, for centuries, treated them with the greatest inhumanity. A few years ago it was the custom, supported by public opinion, North and South, if a black man raised his hand against a white man, even in defence of his family or his life, it was considered a crime worthy of death. Now, the government has given authority to these same black men to shoulder a musket, and go down and kill white rebels. Mr. Douglass created considerable mirth by his description of the men who did *not* want to go, and said he dissented from Mrs. Stowe's description of the negro race as being a quiet, easy kind of people. He believed they had as much fight in them as any other men. The cause of the slaves has now become the cause of the country; therefore, to strike for the country is to strike for the bondmen. (Cheering.) And the safest place for a colored man to be is in the army of the United States; and woe to the colored men of the North, if they do not take this opportunity! for then the scenes of Brooklyn, Detroit and other places will be enacted with a fearful vengeance. The morning that shall witness the march of the 54th Massachusetts Volunteers down Broadway will be the happiest day in the black man's life. Mr. Douglass took his seat amid great applause.

Mr. Geo. T. Downing then offered a series of resolutions, which are to be considered at an adjourned meeting.

The Rev. H. H. Garnet then made an eloquent appeal to the young men to come forward and enlist, as they might never have such another opportunity. He expressed great fears that, unless the men of color should now come forward, their doom is sealed, as far as this country is concerned. He acknowledged that he had heretofore hesitated in recommending this measure, but, after looking over the whole field, he could now, with his whole heart, support it. His remarks were received with great applause.

The remarks of Messrs. Douglass and Garnet induced one young man, Mr. Wm. S. Everson, of New York, to enlist. His act was greatly applauded.

After this, Mr. Douglass again appealed for volunteers, but none came forward.

This seeming to put the meeting in a cowardly position, Mr. Robert Johnson came forward, and by a few well-spoken words, convinced the meeting that it was not cowardice which made the young men hesitate to enlist, but a proper respect for their own manhood. If the Government wanted their services, let it guarantee to them all the rights of citizens and soldiers, and, instead of one man, he would insure them 5000 men in twenty days. Mr. J.'s remarks were received with tremendous and long-continued applause.

Dr. Pennington, in a short but most impressive address, showed how vitally necessary it is that colored men should now enlist. He said that the efforts of the Copperheads to create confusion had reduced the question to this point: "Will you support the Government in its noble efforts in behalf of liberty, or will you, by your supineness, permit the anarchical Copperhead party to prevail? Will you assist in working the ship of State, which is now passing through a strait, or shall she be wrecked on the breakers of anarchy?" He concluded his eloquent appeal by asserting his belief that the colored people would stand by our noble President, Abraham Lincoln.

The Doctor's remarks were loudly applauded, and at their conclusion, the meeting adjourned to meet at the same place, on Thursday, the 30th.

A HERO. Dr. Fisher, Surgeon of the 44th Massachusetts Regiment, writing from Washington, N. C., among other incidents of the late siege of that place, relates the following:

"There are several wounded negroes in the hospital now with very serious wounds, and one or two dead. I must tell you of one hero who saved a company of soldiers from certain death. A flat full of soldiers, with a few negroes, attempted to land at Rodman's Point, but were repulsed by a terrible fire of rebel bullets—all tumbling into the boat and lying flat to escape being shot. Meanwhile, the boat stuck fast on the shore, when this noble African said: '*Somebod 's got to die to git us out of dis, and it may as well be me!*' He then deliberately got out and pushed the boat off, and fell into it, pierced by *five bullets.*"

From the London Patriot.

A MORAL.

Dr. Pusey sits in his Oxford chair,
"With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air;"
And he says, says he,
"It seems to me
That Jowett is wrong, so far as I see;
For though he can cheerfully sign an Article,
I doubt if he really believes a particle;
In his works there is plenty of evidence
That he holds them in 'a non-natural sense.'"
So (to put it in rhymes)
He writes to the *Times*,
And proposes to cut Mr. Jowett short
By pulling him into the Small Debts Court.

Then up starts Maurice, a reverend knight,
Whose lance is always ready for fight,
And he says, says he,
"I don't agree
Either with Jowett or Dr. P."
So he writes a letter,
Very much better,
To say the two wrongs should fight a fair bout,
And then from the conflict the truth would come out.
The non-natural sense, perhaps he may mention,
Was Dr. Pusey's own invention;
But he (Mr. M.) is not one of that sort
Who would settle a creed in a Small Debts Court.

Then, rushing in haste over many a mile,
Rides into the lists the Dean of Carlisle;
But Francis Close,
As every one knows,
Appears in small print on account of his style;
And he says, says he,
"I don't agree
With any one of the other three;
For in whatever sense they sign,
It's nonsense if it's not like mine;
And what a non-natural sense they call
Is very much like no sense at all;
So I'd give them an orthodox retort,
By putting all three in the Small Debts Court."

Then John Henry Newman continues the story,
In a voice from the Birmingham Oratory:
"To believe," says he,
"Too little, to me,
Is worse than believing too much, do you see?
I wrote 'No. 90' to make it appear
That the only sense the Prayer-Book will bear
Is that which leads its teachers home
To the feet of the Holy Father at Rome;
And then the Philistines would not sport
Over doctors at war in a Small Debts Court."

But amongst the spectators is one of the crowd,
A plain, honest man, who is thinking aloud;
And he says, says he,
"It is clear to me
That none of these reverend doctors agree.
Their doctrines puzzle me more and more;
For, as I'm alive,
Here's number five
Tripping up the heels of the other four!
And how can a simple man conceive
What are the things he ought to believe?
For the chancel is differing from the nave,
And the churchyard is quarrelling with the grave;
And it wouldn't surprise any honest people
If the church should soon fall out with the steeple."
But he says, says he,
"It's a comfort to me
That about one thing there is no misgiving:
The parson will never run off from his living."

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